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THE AUTHOR—1864.

Reminiscences

of an

Ex-Confederate Soldier

or

Forty Years on Crutches

By

T. H. BOWMAN

Ex-Secretary of State and Ex-Superintendent of State Orphan Home

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PREFACE.

This book is affectionately dedicated to the few who survive of the six hundred thousand Confederate soldiers, who fought as few men have ever done; who suffered and sacrificed as few men have ever done; who bore the disappointment of defeat and the humiliation of disfranchisement as few men have ever done; who, with sublime courage in the midst of distress and poverty, rose from the ashes of ruined homes and desolate hearthstones, left in the track of the mightiest war of the century, as *no men* have ever done.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

A true pen portrait of an individual, distinguished for noble traits of character and noted for great achievements in life's work, be he soldier, statesman, preacher, or poet, is the most impressive and perhaps the most useful form of history.

The reader finds in the portrayal that which acts as an incentive to imitate the good, and finds, too, that which bids him shun the errors and avoid the mistakes of him of whom he reads.

If biography, then, serves so useful a purpose in the field of literature, may it not be that autobiography, with egotism eliminated, might be made to serve the same high purpose by presenting what ought to be a truer picture of the man and his work, because written by the individual himself.

The author lays no claim to distinction great enough to be heralded to the world by his own pen or that of another. As an old man now, with his feet at the water's edge of that cold, narrow sea which separates the mortal from immortality, he feels that he would like to tell the story of his life, and tell it *as it was.*

Trusting that it may not prove uninteresting to the public, and especially to Texans, he begs their kind indulgence in presenting this little volume of the recollections of a Confederate soldier and the strange twistings of a life of forty years on crutches.

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Reminiscences

of an

Ex-Confederate Soldier; or Forty Years on Crutches

CHAPTER I.

Birthplace—Childhood on the Old Plantation.

James Bowman, son of Matthew Bowman, of South Carolina, was my father. Caroline S. Bowman, daughter of George Dougherty of Mississippi, was my mother. My father's family was English, and his forefathers came to America early in the eighteenth century. Several of them fought with Marion. My mother's family was Irish and descended from the great Methodist preacher of same name in South Carolina.

My grandfather was a typical Irish schoolmaster. It was said of him that he could spell and define any word in the English dictionary. He believed in the rod, and woe to the boy who blundered in the blue-back spelling book.

My father came to south Mississippi before America's second war with England. His brother

Ira was with Jackson in the battle of New Orleans. In a large, old-fashioned farmhouse in the beautiful Feliciana country in southeast Louisiana, I was born, nearly threescore years ago. I can not remember this beautiful Southern home among the magnolias and the sweet-scented cape jasmines; nor do I remember how I played by the clear, sparkling spring beneath the shade of the wide-spreading beach trees.

My father began life with small means, but by patient labor and strict economy he soon accumulated wealth. By a kind and fatherly care of his negroes, they increased and grew until it became necessary for him to broaden his fields. One summer morning when I was a small boy he rode away in quest of a new home. Crossing the Mississippi River at Natchez, he penetrated the unbroken forests on the west side and purchased a large tract of land on the banks of the Tensas. Here amidst dense cane brakes and wild woods, where the ring of the ax had never been heard, he made a new home which he named Alphenia. To this place he soon removed his family and slaves, and ere long had opened up and improved a fine plantation. My memory reverts to a free and happy boyhood which sounds now to my children as unreal as a dream. Pecans, walnuts, grapes and muscadines grew everywhere in great profusion. Fish of all kinds, from the red-sided perch to the fifty-pound cat, abounded in the lakes and bayous. Squirrels, turkeys, deer, bear and wildcat roamed the woods undisturbed. The

lakes in winter were literally covered with ducks and geese. When your imagination has painted its brightest picture, you will fail to fancy, in its full measure, the happy, joyous life of a free-hearted, free-handed, healthy boy brought up amid such surroundings. By the liberality of my father I was provided with boat and fishing tackle, gun and pony. About twelve little negro boys, too small to go to the fields, were my constant attendants and playmates. Together we rowed the boat; together we fished and went swimming. We had rare sport hunting squirrels and gathering nuts. I used to climb the trees and thrash them down and the little darkies would pick them up. It is amusing to remember that when time came to *'vide,* as they expressed it, we would sit down under the trees and count the nuts. It never occurred to us to have a measure. When we were successful at hunting or fishing, we divided when we reached home, one-half going to the quarters. When we got but little game I invited my dusky comrades to dine with me at the "big house." I had the good fortune to be the pet of old Aunt Mary, the cook, and it was easy to get her to give me large pans full of bread, meat, cakes and pies to carry out to the "well-house" for my little friends. More than once, without anyone being the wiser, the old colored aunty would go into the dairy near by and hand us out milk by the crock.

I loved these black friends and they loved me; yes, they would have died for me. Is it any won-

der, then, that kindly feelings, which have had so much to interrupt them, still exist between the old master and his former slaves?

So much has been said and written by uninformed persons about the unkind and even brutal treatment of the negroes, that it may be of interest to tell something of life on the old plantation. They, of course, had to work, and many of them to work hard; but not so hard as many white laborers at the North. They were raised to work and were well able to do manual labor. They were happy at their work. Think you that if they had been driven like galley slaves, the coon songs, some of which we find in print, would ever have rung out on the morning air in delightful melody as these contented servants went and returned from the fields? They were well fed on good, wholesome food. It was the master's interest so to do. I remember how the dinner buckets, well filled with bread and bacon, hominy and potatoes, were sent out to the fields by the water cart. Molasses, milk and vegetables were freely furnished. Their suppers and Sunday meals they cooked in their quarters. Clothing of good quality and in sufficient quantity was furnished, but on many plantations they seemed not to be required to keep themselves clean. On my father's place every one was given time to wash on Saturday evening, and they were required to come out clean and tidy on Sunday morning.

Their houses in the large slave belts were two-room framed cottages with gallery and brick

chimney. They have often told me they preferred the old log cabins with mud chimneys, which had been torn down to give place to the new quarters. Most of them had what they called "a patch," on which they could grow what they pleased. From these patches and from their chickens they received small cash sums for extra wants. They were well cared for when sick. On many plantations the physician was paid an annual salary. Many, many times have I been called up in the midnight hours to carry medicine to the quarters.

Preaching was had for them very frequently on Sunday evenings by the Methodist circuit rider, old Daddy Billy concluding with powerful exhortations and brimful of negro eloquence. Often as I played in the quarter streets by moonlight I have heard this old darky at his family prayers ask "that God would bless old master and long spare him to rule over his ignorant race led into bondage for a wise purpose by God's own hand." When the time of separation came during the war I saw old Daddy Billy, his eyes streaming with tears, throw his arms around my father's neck.

Uncle Billy had a pony of his own on which he used to ride to meetings on neighboring plantations. When the old man and his wife had been left in charge of the house and property by my father in 1863, he moved up to the house with his chickens, pigs and pony. He had been told that the Yankees would not molest him; but this the old man did not quite believe. He kept his pony locked up in the smokehouse and had a close

lookout for his pigs and chickens. When the Yankees came, neither the old man's color nor profession saved him. He said "them poor white trash, dressed in blue, come here. I axed 'em in and told 'em I was a minister of the gospel; but law, chile, dat never done a bit er good. They stole Mary's chickens and one of my pigs, and wus jes' getting off de premises, when, fore God! old Selim whickered, and dem blasted rascals broke down de do' of de smokehouse and tuk my pony." Uncle Billy was never more the Yankee soldier's friend.

Sometimes the negroes were whipped, but seldom severely. The abuses as I saw them, were largely due to the fact that many owners left their slaves too much in the hands of irresponsible overseers. Sometimes they ran away and were tracked up by the common hound trained for this purpose. It was well known that they barked tremendously but rarely ever attempted to bite.

Jeff, my father's blacksmith, and my great friend, for I had learned him to read and write, had a quarrel with Mr. Cobb, the overseer, and ran away. He wrote himself a pass and succeeded in getting a long way from home before he was arrested. I was sent after him. He was delivered to me by the sheriff with handcuffs on. He was so mortified that I took them off on his word to me that he would go back with me. He never attempted escape, although he had many opportunities. I was Jeff's lawyer; the overseer, the

prosecuting attorney in my father's court. The verdict was Jeff was not to be whipped.

Much of the material for the use of abolition papers and speakers was furnished by young men and women who shared our elegant hospitality and enjoyed large salaries as clerks, teachers, etc. In their letters North they played the hero down in darkest Africa and misrepresented the Southern people. In this connection I intend to state two facts: One is that these young people always had an eye opened for a chance to marry a plantation, which they frequently did. Another fact, which can be well substantiated, is that when these Northern people became owners of slaves they were the hardest, most exacting masters in the South, account for it who can. I do so in this way,—they erected the same standard for the naturally indolent negro which, in their greed, they demanded of poor white labor at home. Many times it has occurred to me that if Harriet Beecher Stowe had married a plantation when she came South, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would never have been written; and perhaps John Brown might never have come down to Harper's Ferry to die.

CHAPTER II.

School Days Begun—Death in the Home—Off to College.

For a year or more I had attended the neighborhood school. I was reluctant to give up my sports, and the little darkies kept telling me how they missed me, and this, of course, made it harder for me to go. I progressed, however, fairly well, learning to read, write and cipher, and had not my father been so much in earnest in the matter, I would have been quite content to quit school. Once I was "kept in," with another boy, for mischief. After the children had all gone home, the teacher called my friend Ed up and began whipping him. I jumped from the window and ran home. Next morning I had a nice *little* chastisement before I started to school, and a *big one* after I got there. My father was determined that I should have a thorough education, and spared no expense to further his purpose. Arrangements were made for me to attend a school situated on Choctaw Bayou, about eighteen miles from home.

About this time the visitation of a dark Providence overshadowed Alphenia. My mother and four children were snatched away within a week by the cruel hand of death. Four motherless children and a broken-hearted father were left in

sorrow; but not as they who sorrow without hope. My father's house was a house of prayer, and the itinerant preacher's home. I remember how my dying mother's face was lighted by a blaze of glory. I remember, too, how sweetly the little girls and boys met the dread messenger, and how little Anna, at seven years of age, exhorted everybody to give their hearts to Jesus; how she sent for Mr. Harper, her Sunday school teacher, to thank him for showing her "the more excellent way," and how with her last breath she said, "Tell cousin Lizzie I will be at the beautiful gate waiting and watching for her."

At an early age I joined the M. E. Church South, of which I am still a member. Amid earth's wildest storms, I have found security and peace "in leaning on the Everlasting Arms."

Home seemed no longer home to me. My father, busied about his plantation affairs, was seldom at the house. Lonely and desolate indeed were the bereaved children. The old negro mammy was our main comfort. Well do I recall how patiently and lovingly she cared for "my mistress' children." When I fail to remember my most sacred experiences, then, and not until then, will I cease to cherish the memory of "the old black mammy."

So changed were conditions that I had few regrets when the time came to start off to school. I boarded in the family of Mr. Suth. Hays, an old friend of ours. The school was taught by Dr. James Moore, who had graduated at Centenary

College with my half-brothers. He was a fine scholar and a nice gentleman. He was teaching school while waiting to complete his medical lectures. I owe much to Dr. Moore, who shared my father's earnest desire that I succeed at school. He seemed to be supernaturally impressed, notwithstanding I had large expectations, that the time would come—and it came—that I was to earn my bread by teaching.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hays had a son of my own age. Tom and I had glorious sport hunting and fishing on Saturdays. There was in the dense forests near by an Indian encampment. A fragment of the Mississippi Choctaws lived there. It was a great delight to friend Tom and myself to visit the camp. The men hunted and dressed and tanned the skins of wild animals, while the women did the entire work of the camp and made baskets and slippers for sale to the whites. The Indian boys, at first shy, became quite friendly with us and taught us to make bows, and feather and point the arrows, and how to make blowguns of long cane. Within a few years, as has always been the case with poor Lo, these Indians were crowded out by the white settlers. Silently and with almost noiseless tread they broke camp one morning and left for the territory. When they were gone there was found in the bayou, near by, the body of a beautiful Indian maiden, with an arrow in her breast. It was said that she loved a white man.

My next school was the "Collegiate Institute,"

THE AUTHOR—1904.

in the beautiful little capital city of Louisiana. Baton Rouge is situated on the Mississippi River, ninety miles above New Orleans.

W. H. N. Magruder, known far and wide for his ripe scholarship, noble qualities, and long experience as an educator, was principal of the Institute. His curriculum was thorough, his discipline strict, and his corps of teachers highly qualified for their work. Dull indeed was the boy who did not make rapid improvement. Life in a large boarding school was, for a time quite confining and irksome to a boy who had always been "as free as a bird." We had, however, no few privileges and pleasures. Fine grounds were provided for our ball and other games. A trip to the sugar cane fields in the afternoon was a special pleasure.

I must mention that there were two plantations within our reach. Dr. Perkins, owner of one of them, said: "Boys, I have planted expressly for you several acres in the corner; don't go further in the cane, if you please." The other owner said: "If I catch you in my field I will prosecute you to the full extent of the law." I need not say that where we ate one acre of cane for Dr. Perkins, we ate three acres or more for the other man.

The principal often took us to the capitol to see the Governor and other officials; and to the senate and representative halls when great questions were being discussed. We were allowed to visit the city a few hours on Saturdays, and our

path always lay by way of Mrs. Reid's Female Seminary. The inner leaves of the magnolia flower, pitched over the plank wall as we passed, conveyed the little love messages to the girls.

During Christmas week the boys were allowed a trip to New Orleans, and more than once we enjoyed "a midnight race on the Mississippi."

A catastrophe occurred on the river which to this day is talked about by the oldest inhabitant. It was the burning of the "Princess." A large number of students and others were on the wharf one Sunday morning when this floating palace from Vicksburg touched the landing and steamed away—a thing of beauty—toward New Orleans. When but a few miles down the river and in full view of the city, the boilers exploded and the flames immediately enveloped the boat. The ferry boat rushed to the rescue, but too late to save hundreds who perished in the flames and in the waters. Alas! it was said that some of the officers were drunk, and had sworn to reach New Orleans at all hazards by a certain hour.

To my memory comes trooping the names and faces of many of my schoolmates. Where are the Clintons, Bradfords, Hoovers, Garrisons, Babins, Lozennes, and Blanchards? Doubtless nearly all gone. Many of them went to Virginia in 1861, and sleep upon the battlefields.

After a stay of four years at this institution I was sent to the "Southern University," at Greensboro, Alabama. This institution was built by the Methodist Church. Its president was Dr. Wight-

man, afterwards a distinguished bishop of South Carolina. The faculty was composed of the scholarly Wills, Wadsworth, Casey and Lupton. My stay here was greatly profitable but very short. The clouds were gathering in the political horizon, and the mutterings of the thunders were beginning to be heard. Over the protest of the beloved president the boys soon scattered north, south, east and west to their homes.

CHAPTER III.

Civil War.

The presidential election was near at hand. John Bell of Tennessee was the candidate of the old Whig party. The Democrats had failed to agree upon a candidate. Jefferson Davis and other statesmen saw the danger and tried in vain to avert it. Stephen A. Douglas was the candidate of one wing and John C. Breckinridge of the other. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." The Republicans and abolitionists united upon Abraham Lincoln. Politics was at fever heat. The war of words went on until November came. Mr. Lincoln, with about a third of the popular vote, received an electoral vote sufficient to elect him President of the United States. "What now is to be done?" was the question on every lip. With practically a unanimous voice the people said, "We will not submit to the rule of a sectional President, hostile to the interests of the South." Certainly New England saw and seized her opportunity. That section, jealous of political power, had quarreled over the admission of Louisiana and Texas, and had almost made war over questions growing out of the admission of Kansas. That section, ever manifesting the disposition to rule or ruin, had now

elected the President. Certainly he was a sectional President, for in many of the States he had not received a single vote.

Prudent leaders in the South counseled that this grave situation be approached deliberately and cautiously, but patriotically. While the people were pondering well the question of co-operative action by the Southern States, South Carolina, the gallant little Palmetto State, seceded. She withdrew from the Union of States all grants and concessions made to them and proceeded to resume the full exercise of that independent sovereignty which she had conquered by her sword from Great Britain and which had been recognized by King George. The spirit of secession became contagious, and swept aside all opposition as straws before the wind. Some great men like Sam Houston thought it to be unwise.

The next to fall in line with South Carolina was Alabama, the home of the gifted Yancey. In quick succession came Mississippi, Florida, Texas, North Carolina and Georgia. These States immediately elected delegates to meet at Montgomery to organize a provisional government, of which Jefferson Davis of Mississippi was chosen President, and Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia Vice President. Almost immediately Messrs. Roman of Louisiana, Forsyth of Alabama, and Crawford of Georgia, were appointed commissioners to go to Washington "in the name of the Confederate States to meet and confer with any person or persons duly authorized by the government of the

United States, being furnished with like power and authority, and with them to agree, treat, consult and negotiate concerning all matters in which the parties are both interested."

Mr. Davis says "that frankness and good faith characterized the actions of the Southern commissioners; that they were kept waiting by fair promises to the ear while military preparations were pushed forward for the unconstitutional and criminal purpose of coercing the South."

After a long delay at Washington our commissioners became convinced that Mr. Seward was deceiving them, and they returned to Montgomery. All hopes of reconciliation were gone. Very soon the United States government wrongfully sought to reinforce Fort Sumter. Mr. Douglass said: "Who owns Charleston should own Fort Sumter." Major Anderson was in favor of retiring from the fort. He said to attempt to reinforce it would provoke hostilities. Certainly this was Mr. Seward's game to make Beauregard fire upon the flag. The ships were in the offing with more troops and provisions. Fort Sumter was attacked and surrendered. The booming of cannon at Charleston sounded around the world. Mr. Lincoln, but little appreciating the magnitude of the task of subjugating a free people, called for seventy-five thousand troops for ninety days. Mr. Buchanan, in his last message, said, "The sword was not placed in the hands of Congress to preserve the Union by force." This same Congress

was authorizing the President to begin the bloody work of coercion.

All over the South the call to arms was made. The drum-beat from the Potomac to the Rio Grande was like to the mighty roar of the angry heavens, and the shrill notes of fife and bugle were as keen and electrical as the lightning's flash. We were awakened to the reality that civil war was upon us. Camp fires were lighted all over the South. The men were drilling and the women were praying and making battleflags. Virginia, Arkansas and Tennessee lingered in the Union until they saw that there was no hope of peaceable settlement—that war had actually come; then they withdrew and proudly took their places in line with their Southern sisters.

It is very far from my purpose in these Reminiscences to erect a platform on which my own military deeds may be exploited. The leading characteristic of the Confederate soldier was his individuality. Each man was a unit of the whole, and each stood in his place determined that the invader could not "pass his stand" save over his dead body. I stood, too, in my place as one unit. It will be my purpose to tell what Confederates did, and to emphasize to the world the sublime patriotism of the private soldiers whose heroic deeds could not be given in the report of the battle, nor their names appear among the killed and wounded. He did not go much on discipline, especially in the front line, where each man wanted to conduct the fight as if the result de-

pended on him. He did not fear his officers, but respected and loved them in proportion as they were brave and rushed to the front when the battle raged.

My own military record will be briefly stated: I was a private soldier in Company A, Wirt Adams' regiment of Mississippi cavalry, in the army of Tennessee. I was with my command on the retreat from Kentucky and Tennessee to Corinth, under Albert Sydney Johnston; was with them in all the cavalry engagements about Iuka; was with them at the battle of Shiloh; was with Forrest in his daring attack on Sherman's division on the retreat from Shiloh; rode with my command down Britain's lane, in Tennessee. Here I fell beneath my horse, almost in touch of the heroic Montgomery, Briscoe, Swayse and others lying dead at the cannon's mouth. I was made a prisoner, and after my exchange, was transferred to Cameron's battery. Was with the battery, in all its fights, until promoted to a lieutenantcy in McNeil's cavalry. I was disabled by a fall of my horse, which resulted in entire disuse of my right leg, forcing me to leave the army in the summer of 1864. I know, comrades, all about the weary ride, the scant rations, and the lonely picket post. I am acquainted with the ping of the minnie ball, the shriek of the shell, and the boom of the cannon.

I want now to write of the gallant spirits that composed that Louisiana company in a Mississippi regiment.

Isaac F. Harrison was captain—a fearless man, a born soldier. He was not a tactician; said he brought his men out to fight and not to drill. He didn't believe in breastworks, and almost got angry when called on for a detail to work on them. He wanted nothing to fight behind; he fought in the open, and when he puffed rapidly at his short stem pipe we knew there was danger ahead. He was promoted to major, colonel, and when the war ended was commanding his brigade. It was my privilege and pleasure to visit him at El Paso just before his death.

Albert Bondurant was first lieutenant, and became captain when Harrison was promoted.

McCall became captain after Bondurant's resignation on account of ill health.

Will Buckner and Will Young in turn were made captain as the war progressed. As I write, I recall to mind John Register, Henry Hoover, Sim Anderson, Caleb Snyder, Ed Harper, C. C. Cordill,—gallant soldiers, who never shunned a duty and always faced danger with a smile.

There was in our command a lone, friendless Dutch boy, just over from Europe, working for a butcher, who deserves more than favorable mention. When the sad hour of leave-taking came, no mother with arms about his neck pronounced her "God bless you" to Dutch Joe; no sister wept tears at bidding him good-bye; no sweetheart pinned a flower on his coat or slipped her ring on his finger. In a strange land, among strangers, he volunteered to fight for his new home. So

active, brave and sagacious was he that soon his officers found him to be invaluable as a lone scout to report the whereabouts of the enemy. Ere long Joe was not required to report regularly to his captain, but was in command of a company of *one,* to ride where he pleased. In this capacity he often rescued women and children from perilous situations against odds which would have daunted the fearless Dick Turpin on the highway. Blessed with an iron constitution, he was insensible to fatigue, and fear was absolutely a stranger to his breast.

The marine cavalry never landed when they learned from the negroes that Joe Kruse was around. His name was a terror to the enemy and a safeguard to unprotected women. He was a "dead shot" and always went heavily armed. Joe was seldom taken by surprise, but one day while he was eating his dinner the house was surrounded by fifty United States cavalry. The gallant fellow never thought of surrender, but walked to the front gate with a pistol in each hand, firing unerringly as he came. He jumped on his horse, cut his bridle reins, and with spurs deep set in the sides of his noble beast, broke through the ranks of the enemy, and, although riddled with bullets, made his escape. He lived to the end of the war, and was no longer known as Dutch Joe, but as Captain Joe Kruse, the hero.

CHAPTER IV.

The Confederate Soldier.

Comrades, your quick step is slower now; your once flashing eyes are growing dim, and your brown locks are all sprinkled with gray. Many of us are lame, and halt, and blind, and take comfort in the thought that yonder is a line that but few of us will ever pass. It's the outer picket post of life's parade grounds. It's time's camp limit. It's the seventieth mile-board on the road to—where? Shall I answer? Yes; it's the grave. Soldiers are not afraid to die. We can make no more forced marches, so let's break ranks and bivouac under the shade of the trees, and tell our sons and daughters the dangers we have known and the deeds of valor we have done. Let us heed the fact that we have passed the summit of life and are going down the other side. Our feet are nearing the icy stream which crosses our path in the western foothills. The mind's eye looks no longer forward. It no longer seeks to peer through the mists ahead, but backward on memory's wings we turn, and happy are we if the swift-passing panorama be that of a life spent in obedience to the command of Him who said, Love God and your fellows; but miserable indeed, and haunted by ghosts that will not down, if the recol-

lections be of life misspent. It is the memory of a people that I seek to call up. Were it mine the power to invoke the Muse, I'd touch with tender, loving fingers that mystic harp whose strings, fastened to the hearts of the living, extend into the graves of our dead. Father Ryan, the Southern poet of blessed memory, said: "A nation without ruins is a nation without memories; and a nation without memories is a nation without a history."

This Sunny Southland of ours has had her ruins widespread and sweeping. Here and there and everywhere were the tracks of an indescribable desolation in the wake of invading armies, and all around were the footprints of foemen who crushed out the violets and roses as they came trampling upon the rights of a brave people. She has a history with perhaps here and there a blur that marks the record of mortals everywhere; but with many a page that beams with glory's light. She has, too, her sacred memories imperishably enshrined in the minds and hearts of her sons and daughters.

Let us call up the memory of soldiers of the South,—not the heroes of the Texas revolution, who fought with Houston and died with Davy Crockett. The picture which I shall hang in your mind's gallery will not be that of the world-famous Alamo, where a little band of patriots beat back the swarming hosts of the Mexican tyrant until the last right arm lay still in death; and none—no, not one—left, save the God of Battles,

to take down from the battered battlements the "flag of a single star" and wrap its tattered folds as a winding sheet about the mutilated forms and sacred ashes of Southern soldiers who died for Texas. Neither will I picture the Southern soldier who followed Quitman, Davis and Taylor as they marched to Mexico's capital, and in triumph hung the Stars and Stripes over the Halls of the Montezumas.

In order that our sons and daughters may know and love the traditions of their native land and learn to emulate the exalted patriotism of their fathers, who followed the flag of the South, and to imitate the grand virtues of their mothers, who inspired them to heroic action, my theme then will be the Southern soldier of the '60s. It was a grand generation of a grand race. They contributed to the world's history a page which fairly scintillates with the record of heroic deeds.

On the very top line of the page we find a question which has been carelessly and curiously asked by many, but honestly and anxiously by every grief-stricken mother whose boy fell in the fight. The great question is: Which section was responsible for that war?

In attempting the answer which I must make in vindication of the South, whose cause, though lost, is ever dear, I do not desire to stir the embers of a settled strife or create anew a single pang of bitterness. I would not uproot a single blade of grass which carpets the fields of blood where brave men contended, nor bruise the petal

of the tiniest flower that grows over brave men's graves. It has been said that revolutions settle the questions which produced them; but what's writ in our memories is writ. Ineffaceably traced upon the tablet of the Southern heart may be read the answer: The North provoked that strife.

Was not the right of property in slaves recognized by the Constitution? Were not Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Polk and Taylor, all of whom had been chosen to the highest office in the land, slaveowners? Was not slavery in existence in all of the thirteen States but one when the Constitution was framed?

Was not the North responsible for the act of the Puritan fathers in establishing it? Did not the slave ships belong to New England? Was not the slave trade continued for twenty years over the protest of the Southern States? Did not Georgia lead the fight for its abolishment? Did not the North, under gradual emancipation acts, manage to sell most of their slaves to the South when the institution failed to pay in that climate? Did they not deny to slaveowners the right to carry their property into the Territories—the common property of all the States? Did they not practically nullify the law of Congress known as the Fugitive Slave Act? Were not the emissaries of abolitionism guilty of the same crime with which they charged the king, "that of inciting slaves to insurrection?" Did they not organize an anti-slavery party which denounced the Constitution as a "covenant with death and hell?"

Did they not proclaim the doctrine of "a higher law," and counsel proscription towards all pro-slavery persons of every trade and profession? Did not this spirit take possession of the church and demand the displacement of Bishop Andrews? Did they not rend in twain great Methodism? Did they not elect a sectional President?

Surely the North could not plead "not guilty." But they say secession caused the war, and deny that we had that right. For the benefit of our children, lest they be led into error at this point, let us see.

Was there ever an act of Congress or an opinion from the Supreme Court denying the right? Did not Massachusetts assert the right, and did not several of the New England States threaten, with her, to exercise it? Was the right to withdraw not virtually recognized in the declaration of the fathers "that government rests on the consent of the governed?" Was it not, in fact, practiced by the colonies themselves when they withdrew themselves from the government of England and for less cause? Did not the treaty with England's king recognize each of the colonies by name as sovereigns? Was not the Union voluntarily formed by these sovereign States, and did they not reserve certain inalienable rights to the people? Did not North Carolina refuse to enter the Union until protected by constitutional amendment? Did not Virginia stipulate in words her right to withdraw from that Union of States? Did not Texas, the Lone Star queen, win her sov-

ereignty by her sword and bring it with her in her voluntary union with her sister States? By what law but might was she prohibited from again flinging to the breezes the flag of a single star?

Horace Greely said: "If three millions of people had the right of secession in 1776, how are we going to deny the same right to seven millions in 1861?" Again he said: "If they had but a doubtful right to secede, we of the North have less right to coerce them."

Grant said there was no warrant for coercion in the Constitution. Some have sought to justify coercion, but Thad Stevens said: "None know better than we that we are traveling outside the Constitution."

It has been claimed that Jackson practiced it toward South Carolina. Not so; they do violence to the memory of a Southern statesman and soldier when they fail to draw a distinction between sending armed troops to enforce a statute, which a State in the Union refused to obey, and sending an army to subdue a State which by solemn act of her sovereign people had severed her connection with that Union.

Surely the responsibility for both secession and war rests upon the North. She violated the terms of the compact and drove the South to take the step. And she took it not because she loved the Union less, but because she loved constitutional liberty more. History's pages teem with proof that the South revered the Constitution, which she

helped to write; and loved the Union, which she helped to form.

Turn to Virginia, the grandest of all the States, and see her people in convention assembled deliberating long and well upon the question of secession. Seven of her sisters whom she loved and to whom she was bound by the ties of sympathy and blood had left the Union, but still she hesitated. Senator Daniel says it was because of her memory of her Jefferson, whose pen had written the Declaration of Independence; of her Patrick Henry, whose voice first rung out the cry, "Liberty or death;" of her Washington, whose sword had won our liberties. In vain she sent her ablest sons to peace conferences, and begged the authorities at Washington to "come, let us reason together."

When called upon for her quota of troops to fight against the South she proudly replied, "Not a man will be furnished," and passed the ordinance of secession, which was ratified by a four-fifths vote at the ballot-box. She cast the die. She crossed the Rubicon, and deliberately bared her breast to the storm which, in its fury, was to desolate her homes, bathe her hills and valleys in blood, and rend in twain her sacred territory.

Was State sovereignty the doctrine of the fathers? It most certainly was. Was secession the right of a sovereign State? The South believed that it was. Was it wise to exercise it? As a self-respecting people no choice was left us. But in the light of subsequent events, was it best?

Mindful of all the cost in treasure and blood, and remembering the sacrifices, heart-aches and tears, we answer, so far as the finite mind can read the mind of the God who rules and shapes the destinies of nations, we believe it was. Omniscience, who saw the end from the beginning, saw great issues settled; saw sectionalism destroyed; saw slavery, the bone of contention, removed; saw a Union, let us hope, made firmer because cemented by the blood of brothers in gray and blue. The taunts of the North that the South was just bluffing and would not fight, and the retort that one Southern man could whip five Yankees, was hushed, to be heard no more in the land forever.

The cannon's roar had jarred open the door of the temple of war. The long pent up volcano, throbbing like a thing of life in the mountain's breast, belched forth its molten lava of death at our feet. The gathered fury of the storm, from skies thick with blackness, burst upon us. But the lightning's flash revealed no blanched faces. We were not afraid. Confederate soldiers, feeling that their cause was just, were not affrighted at the great disparity of numbers. Without a navy, without munitions of war, and shut out from all the world by blockade, they were undismayed. They took the field, accepted the gauge of battle, to fight for freedom and die for principle. They were worthy sons of grand old fathers, who were inspired by the spirit of liberty which, spurned in Greece and Rome, trodden beneath the tyrant's heel in France and England, had to cross the seas

to find a home. Guided by a new star, which had arisen to lead men out of political chains into human liberty, and lighted by a new light which was but a reflection of the great light which struck down Saul on the road to Damascus, they came to these Western shores to establish a government which must rest upon the consent of the governed.

Charlemagne caught the vision of a man raised, not by birth or title, but by education, to be free, free in his mind. Luther caught a nobler vision; it was that of a man raised to be free in his mind and free in his conscience. Americans unfurled a new flag to the breezes of heaven. It was freedom's flag on which glittered a star lit by the light of Christianity; that same Christianity which blazed across the Judean hills at Bethlehem; which had been for three days obscured by that awful tragedy on Golgotha's hill, only to be kindled afresh at Joseph's bursting tomb.

The white population of the South was but seven millions; that of the North more than twenty millions. The secretary of the Southern Historical Society gives six hundred thousand as the total of enlistments in the Confederate armies. These figures were verified by Adjutant-General Cooper. Official estimates of enlistments in Union armies, more than two and a half millions.

It was in the face of such tremendous odds that the South called her sons to fight—not for slavery—ah, no, young reader, be not misled; it was to fight the same fight our fathers fought—the right to live under a flag of their own choosing—the

right to defend their homes from the spoiler. Let history answer how they responded to the call. From shop and counter, from office and field they came. From far off California Johnston came to offer his sword to Texas. Lee from his high place in the regular army tendered his sword to Virginia. When our young men and boys had donned the gray and received the "Stars and Bars" from their mothers' hands, there stood Hill, Johnston, Beauregard, Gordon, Bragg, Forrest, Price, McCulloch, Hampton, Breckinridge, Polk and Thomas J. Jackson to lead our hosts to victory or to death.

Just here I want to speak of the loyal affection of the millions of slaves to whom were intrusted our women and children. In many sections they outnumbered the whites ten to one. Did they rise with fire and sword for rapine and pillage, as would have been but natural if slavery had been but half as bad as Northern writers depicted it? No! they made by patient toil the supplies for our armies; and, with fidelity to a great trust, they sacredly guarded our homes.

I recall old Clabe, faithful as a watchdog, sleeping just outside old mistress' door. When Jefferson Davis died a telegram came from North Carolina from James Jones, his former servant and slave, which read: "My greatest desire was to be the driver of the hearse that bore to the grave the remains of my old master, my best friend."

Were I to begin at Manassas—where Bee, Barstow and Drew, and a large company of private

soldiers, whose names I have not, were the first victims sacrificed upon their country's altar, the first of Southern heroes to answer to roll call in heaven—and attempt to tell how Southern soldiers fought through every conflict, with what fortitude they bore every privation, and with what heroism they suffered wounds and death, my task would never be done. There is no need to tell to ex-Confederates how our poorly armed soldiers under Beauregard and Joe Johnson whipped and put to inglorious rout the grand dress-parade ninety-day army of the Union, which marched out from Washington with beating drums and flying banners to measure arms with Southern freemen. The watchword, "On to Richmond!" some writer says was changed to "Off for Washington!" The cry, "Disperse, ye rebels," repeated that day, almost over the tomb of the father of his country, had no more terrors for the *sons* than it had in the long ago for their *fathers*. It has been reliably stated that handcuffs in large quantities were found after the battle. Alas for the tyrant's wicked calculations; our boys didn't go back to Washington chained to the chariot wheels of the conqueror.

The question has often been asked why our victorious columns did not pursue the flying foe and capture Washington. One answer comes that it was Beauregard's fault; another that Johnson was to blame; another that President Davis interfered. Honest old Jubal Early says: "We knew that they were worse scared than hurt; but we did not

know, until too late, that they never stopped running until they reached the Potomac."

The real truth of the matter was that we only asked and only wanted to be let alone, and were willing to let them alone when off our territory. But they say the Southern army went to Maryland. Yes, but by Maryland's invitation. You went into Pennsylvania, they say. True at a late hour of the war we did, but not to destroy private property or to make war on women and children.

It was at Manassas that T. J. Jackson, the eccentric professor, so called, was introduced to fame. It is said that the night before the battle he dismissed the camp guard, saying, "Let my weary boys sleep; I'll keep watch," and all night long the lone sentinel stood beneath the stars musing and praying about to-morrow, when he was to win not only laurels for his brow, but the undying name of "Stonewall" Jackson. Again and again this wonderful soldier made a nation tremble for the safety of its capital. The brilliant victories of this Napoleon of the South in the valley of Virginia, when one by one he fell upon and whipped Banks, Fremont and Shields, brought the name and fame of Jackson to the front rank of military commanders. His genius for war shone in such splendor as to cover our continent and to be recognized in all Europe.

Like ocean's surging billows the tide of battle rolled. At Oak Hill, Elk Horn and Arkansas Post; at Seven Pines; in the Wilderness; at Sharpsburg, at Gettysburg, at Chancellorsville, at

Fredericksburg, and down to Petersburg, the deadly strife went on.

Despite the brave resistance of our garrisons at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, both of these important defenses of the Mississippi fell into the enemy's hands. New Orleans having already been taken, the control of the river was lost to us. The surrender of Vicksburg on the National holiday lent new spirit to our foes, and depressed our own troops correspondingly.

At Mansfield Dick Taylor, tired of retreating before Banks, turned on him, without orders, and drove him with heavy loss to Pleasant Hill, where he again put him to rout. Porter narrowly escaped the capture of all his gunboats in Red River.

Walker's Texans rapidly marched to Camden, in Arkansas, and drove back Steele, who was cooperating with Banks.

Thus ended the attempt to invade the great storehouse of the Confederacy. Texas had another deliverance from the presence of the enemy on her soil, but as a part of the price she lost Tom Green.

Remarkable as was Magruder's success at Galveston, we turn to Sabine Pass, which was marvelous. Mr. Davis says: "The success of this company of forty-four men is without parallel in ancient or modern war." Dick Dowling and his brave Irishmen enjoy the proud distinction of being the only command in all the war whose full muster roll appears in the report of battle.

It was at Shiloh, and the preceding disastrous

surrender of Donelson, for which no sufficient excuse has ever been offered, where victory seemed to desert us, and a deep gloom to settle over our army. The great Johnston, with bursting heart, said not a word while the tongue and pen of his enemies were busy. A junction was formed with Beauregard at Corinth, and soon we were ready for the fray. The Confederate forces, numbering 40,000 men, took position in front of Grant's army, near Pittsburg Landing, on Friday night, intending to attack next morning before Buell and Wallace could reinforce the enemy. A delay in coming up with our artillery compelled General Johnston to postpone the attack. On Sunday morning there was no preaching at Shiloh Church. Instead of the songs of Zion were to be heard the yells of contending hosts and the groans of dying soldiers. The advance seemed to take the Federals unawares. Quickly, however, they recovered from their surprise. Dreadful was the conflict. Truly it was brother aiming at brother's breast that day. There were men from Kentucky and Tennessee in both armies.

Inch by inch was the ground contested, but inch by inch the Federals were driven until their encampment and supplies were inside our lines. Like an avalanche the brave boys in gray under Polk, Hardee and Chalmers had driven back the enemy from all *but one* of his positions. The peerless Johnston rode to the front to break that arch of mighty resistance. Just as the enemy broke in confusion for the shelter of his gunboats

for a final stand, our brave commander received a shot; but feeling that upon this supreme moment great issues hung, he kept his horse too long. He was in sight of victory. As his body fell to the earth, the master spirit of the battle ascended to heaven. He had lived long enough to vindicate his name and fame as a soldier, but not long enough to save his country's cause. The President of the South said of Albert Sydney Johnston: "If by resigning I could have made him President of the Confederacy, I would have done it." Again he says: "Upon the brittle thread of that one man's life hung the destinies of the South."

Leaving a large number of prisoners, large quantities of arms and all their encampments, the Federals rushed to the river. The gunboats kept up a furious cannonade, but their shells went over our heads. General Beauregard, second in command, not realizing what this half hour of daylight was worth, ordered the army into camp for the night. Thus perhaps Grant missed a Confederate prison.

The Federal reinforcements arrived that night, and next day, after a hotly contested field, our army, with great losses, withdrew from the field.

General Breckinridge was left to cover the retreat with his brave Kentuckians. General Sandidge tells that General Ruggles offered his troops to help to hold the advancing enemy in check. General Breckinridge replied: "Tell the Louisiana soldiers, God bless them, if they hear not our guns at dawn in the morning, to send back a flag

and give us honorable burial, for we are enough to die."

Ten thousand and more upon each side, killed wounded and missing, tells in language of war how the blue and gray fought at Shiloh.

Our rear guard was hard pressed by Sherman in the advance of a victorious army; but Forrest, the untrained soldier, who had already taught his men that war meant fighting and fighting meant killing, was in the saddle. Isaac Harrison, too, with three hundred troopers as consecrated as were the men who rode down to death at Balaklava, put a regiment of cavalry and a brigade of infantry to flight. The advance was effectually checked, and our army reached Corinth without further molestation.

Murfreesboro, Corinth, Franklin and Chickamauga decimated the ranks of the gallant "Army of Tennessee," but availed us nothing. At length, defeated in front of Atlanta, despite the gallantry of Hood, Sherman had an open march to the sea.

In vain had been the efforts of mighty armies in their "on to Richmond" march. McClellan, Hooker, Meade, Pope and Burnside all had ingloriously failed. Grant, the conquering hero of Donelson and Vicksburg, with all the resources of his government and Europe at his back, renews the fatal march.

What has been the matter? What the obstacle which for years had hurled back in defeat these mighty hosts? Lee, the finest soldier of the century, at the head of the finest army that ever fol-

lowed a banner, stood in front of that beleaguered capital.

At length Sherman, with fire and sword and pillage and outrage, *disgraceful even to barbarians,* swept like a besom through Georgia and the Carolinas to destroy Joe Johnson's army. At last Lee must retreat and uncover Richmond. The shadows are deepening. We are drifting towards Appomattox. The last shot from the Virginia battery, which opened the fight four years before, had been fired.

We see Lee coming back with bowed head and solemn face from his interview with Grant. We hear the order for the thin ranks in gray to stack arms.

"It is finished." The tread of armies which for four long years had made the continent tremble had come to a final halt.

Grant was magnanimous, and Southern soldiers respected him. It has been said that when passion ruled and reason had fled from our unhappy country, Andy Johnson wanted to arraign Lee for complicity in Lincoln's assassination, and that Grant told Mr. Johnson, "Lee bears my parole; you can't touch him." The death of General Grant did more towards bridging the bloody span than did his eventful life. See the great soldier as he sits upon the mountain top, with the cold waves breaking at his feet; see him, when his tongue refuses utterance, with a hand trained for the sword he writes, "Let us have peace."

Going back to that sad surrender, the reader

wants to know who answered to the last roll call "Here."

Lee was there, and few save Lee ever deserved such a eulogy as that pronounced by Ben Hill of Georgia. He said: "When the future historian comes to survey the character of Robert E. Lee he will find it rising like a great mountain above the undulating plain of humanity, and will be compelled to lift his eyes heavenward to catch a glimpse of its summit. He possessed every virtue of the other great commanders of history, without any of their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was a Cæsar without his ambition, a Frederick without his tyranny, a Napoleon without his selfishness, and a Washington without his reward. He was as obedient to authority as a servant, and as loyal to authority as a true king. He was as gentle as a woman, modest and pure as a virgin, watchful as a Roman vestal on duty, and grand in battle as Achilles."

Gordon was there—the battle-scarred hero of a hundred fights. Long may he yet live to bless his country. Longstreet and Joe Wheeler and Fitz Lee were there. The valiant Hood was there, but where was the old brigade which had shed such luster on his name? Where were the men, as brave as they who charged at Marathon, and as heroic as they who stood with Leonidas? It was at Sharpsburg, where he led into the charge four

thousand men and brought back seven hundred, that General Evans asked, "General Hood, where is your command?" He answered, "Dead on the field."

Near by was Jefferson Davis, loved and honored by his people, who, as scholar, soldier and statesman, stood in the world's front rank. He was imprisoned and charged with crime, but never tried. Why? To *acquit* Mr. Davis of treason at a public trial was to justify the South.

England's present king, when Prince of Wales, standing in reverence with uncovered head at the tomb of the patriot Washington is, let us believe, but a foreshadowing of the day, now near at hand, when the descendants of men who wore the blue and the gray, as together they stand with uncovered heads at the graves of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, will be proud that they were *both* Americans.

But where on that eventful day were Johnston, Hill, Stuart, Ashby, Polk, Cleburne, Mouton, Tom Green, Scurry, Granbury, Rogers, Ben McCulloch and Stonewall Jackson, and *three hundred thousand men,* whose names were not written down in reports of battles? Gone beyond the reach of praise. "On fame's eternal camping ground their silent tents are spread," but loyal, loving hearts still guard the bivouac of our dead.

Of Stonewall Jackson General Lee said: "His matchless skill, his splendid achievements, won for him the lasting love and gratitude of a nation." When Jackson was wounded, General Lee wrote

him: "You have lost your left arm, but I have lost my right; better for the cause that I had been disabled myself." When told of General Lee's letter, the dying soldier said, "Better that ten Jacksons fell than one Lee."

In vain have Southern soldiers meditated and tried to reason about Jackson's death, about the loss of this phenomenal soldier, absolutely irresistible in battle, because of his faith in his God, with whom he talked as did Moses, and with whom he walked as did Enoch. We can not read the providence; like little children we stagger at the why. We think we see the divine direction that he was not to fall by an enemy's hand, but to be wounded by his friends, carried home as gently as war would permit, there to die in the bosom of his family, as sweetly as a child. "Rest, Stonewall, faithful to cross and country. Let us not weep for him who ascended Fame's ladder so high, from the round at the top he stepped off to the sky."

When the Confederate soldier laid down his arms he did it in good faith. He had done his duty; there was nothing in his record of which he was ashamed. By a long and weary march he reaches the old home, to find vacant chairs at the table, and ruin and desolation on every side. He is almost overwhelmed, almost ready to despair, when sister speaks, and the spirit of a dead mother whispers, "Hope on, and by God's help rebuild the waste places."

When the great trial came and he was asked to give up his sons to fight with Wheeler and Fitz

Lee under the old flag against which he had fought so long and hard, he bore the test like a man, and like an American. To-day, as a patriotic citizen of a State in the great Union of States, he acknowledges no superior.

CHAPTER V.

The Women of the South.

At every crisis in the home, the church, the State, where man's falling arm needed lifting; where man's drooping spirits needed reviving; where man's faint heart needed fresh courage, he must turn to woman, who has ever been the diamond setting in the pure gold of his best efforts. At every milestone in the world's history we see a woman as the central figure.

When the covenant was made with Abraham, Sarah was a party to it. When a leader was wanted to deliver Israel, Miriam and Thermutis preserved the life of Moses.

At the birth of Christianity we see a Mary giving to the world the Incarnate Son, and thus proudly redeeming the fatal step made by the mother of us all in the garden. On the resurrection morn, when the carpenter's son burst the bonds of the tomb, it was to a woman was given the gladdest message ever spoken.

When English Protestantism was born and needed a defender, we see an Elizabeth.

At the birth of Methodism we see Susannah Wesley.

When self-sacrificing heroism was wanted to save France, behold a Joan of Arc.

When a new continent was discovered, Isabella's jewels defrayed the costs.

When African slavery was attacked, Harriet Beecher Stowe furnished the inspiration.

The Christian Temperance Union found its very embodiment in Frances Willard.

The cry from helpless, downtrodden womanhood in Armenia was answered by Clara Barton.

It is in my heart to honor true womanhood, no matter upon what page of history or in what language I find her virtues recorded.

The above illustrious examples of great and good women, who in their day were messengers of love and light, are furnished that we may the more admire and the better appreciate the exalted type of womanhood whose pen picture I am going to paint. The Southern women of the sixties, in face, feature and form, were unsurpassed by the loveliest of their sisters, no matter from what clime they come. For proof of her mental culture and intellectual acquirements, go through the libraries and art galleries of the world and read her triumphs. For her influence on the young, on which eternity alone marks the bounds, read of her patient toil as teacher in our schools, academies and colleges. But her peculiar realm was not here. We have but reached the borders of the kingdom where she reigned a queen with title as undisputed as was that of Victoria. Her kingdom was the home, her rule was love, and her loftiest ambition was to weave into the dark web of life some golden

threads. Hating deception, she taught frankness; shocked at coarseness, she taught refinement; loving truth and virtue, she instructed her subjects to shun vice, to hate a lie, and to prefer death to dishonor. Thus day by day she taught, not to vast audiences from pulpit or platform, for she blushed at notoriety, but around her own hearthstone this guardian of Southern homes delivered her grand sermons to an audience of her own loved ones.

A study of Southern character attests the fact that her work was well and nobly done. Next to her home she loved her country. No Roman matron or Spartan mother ever displayed more patriotism, performed more heroic deeds, or left more lasting footprints upon the pathway leading up to glory. History's pages tell but imperfectly of the deeds of daring done by Southern soldiers on every hard-fought field from Bull Run to Appomattox; but signally fails to tell of the spirit and determination of the women, who animated their brothers and sons from the beginning of the conflict, and were the last to abandon the cause when Southern hopes were vanishing. "No muse has sung and no minstrel strung the lyre to fitly perpetuate the story of her sacrifices and self-denial during the long, dark days of war." It is harder to wait and bear than to do and dare.

A true story comes to my mind. A private soldier received a letter from home which read: "Dear Will: The Yankees have raided our home and left nothing. I fear the children and me will

starve. Our neighbors are not able to help us. Come home if you can honorably, but *don't desert.*" Asking for a furlough and being refused, the poor fellow slipped out of camp that night. He was arrested, court-martialed, and shot.

Would that my pen were inspired with celestial fire that I might tell in letters of living light how Southern womanhood cheered on to the front where the battle raged. How she bathed the brow of the dying and bent low to catch the whispered message for absent wife or mother. How on field and in hospital she nursed back to life the wounded heroes. How in the "wards of the white-washed halls," where the dead and the wounded lay, she pressed a kiss upon the forehead of somebody's darling dying that day. How when all was lost but honor she brushed away her tears, shook off the ashes of her grief as she rose from the ruins of her desolated hearthstone, with eyes turned toward heaven, with face illuminated by a faith which none but a woman can know, she whispers, "When life's duties are done, dear, I'll come to you over the river, under the shade of the trees."

Then, had I a pen with fountain filled with the blood of the bravest and the best, I'd write upon the margin of the last page of the record, as her crowning glory, how she bid Southern manhood turn away from the sepulcher of buried hopes and the furled and conquered banner, and pointed to the future, where with prophetic eye she saw an undivided and indivisible American Union.

All honor be to Southern womanhood, and the

eternal love and gratitude of all who wore the gray to the Daughters of the Confederacy, on whom we depend to relieve the wants and guard the name and fame of the Confederate soldier.

Sons of Southern soldiers owe to themselves and to their heroic mothers the sacred duty to erect a monument of earth's rarest marble, chiseled into the fairest form that skillful artists know, and dedicate it to the *Southern Women of the Sixties.*

CHAPTER VI.

Confederate Reunions—Decorations at Camp Chase.

Reunions of ex-Confederates in the South and the decoration of their graves provoked unkind criticism, for a time, from narrow minds. General Shaw, ex-commander G. A. R., in a speech at Atlanta, said: "The keeping alive of sectional teaching as to the justice and right of the cause of the South in the hearts of the children is all out of order, unwise, unjust and utterly opposed to the bond by which Lee solemnly bound the cause of the South in the final surrender." General Gordon answered: "I can not teach my children that I fought for what was wrong. Only the judgment day and God Himself will ever decide who was right."

General Shaw was right when he said "that children North and South should alike be taught to love the old flag and to support it." Has not that lesson been already learned around Northern and Southern firesides alike? Did not sons of men who aimed at each other's breast in the sixties stand side by side in the nineties? Who will dare to say that Southern boys were not true to the Stars and Stripes in Cuba, Luzon, China and "off Santiago"?

Why, then, these reunions? Simply for historical, charitable and social purposes. The old soldiers love to meet and greet our daughters and tell them how their noble mothers cheered our drooping hearts, how they toiled for us, how they prayed for us, nursed the sick and wounded, consoled the dying, and wept over the dead. They love to discuss with these blessed women their plans about giving aid to heroes living and building monuments in honor of heroes dead. The old soldiers love to tell to their sons that they were not traitors. Treason never lurked in a Southern heart.

The decoration of soldier graves began at the national cemetery in Alexandria. It was a great day in Washington. Thousands of brave men, fair women and beautiful children visited the cemetery and strewed the graves of Federal soldiers with the rarest flowers, but failed to drop a single rose upon the Confederate graves in yonder corner. That night a cloud came up, a furious wind blew, and next morning the graves of Union soldiers were bare, but in that neglected corner the graves were buried beneath the covering of fragrant flowers. The angels of God rode out with the storm-king that night to rebuke a mean spirit of sectionalism and hate.

The custom grew both North and South until it is now universal and recognized by statute. Our late murdered President, William McKinley, won a great big place in the Southern heart by his manly position on this question.

To William H. Knauss, ex-Federal soldier, carrying wounds received at Fredericksburg, belongs the thanks of Southern men, and a wreath of immortelles from Southern women.

In the old Camp Chase burial ground sleep more than two thousand Confederate soldiers. This neglected spot, grown in weeds and briars, touched the heart of this noble man. He began and never ceased to advertise the shame. At last, to their honor be it said, Rutherford B. Hayes, when Governor of Ohio, ordered the graves to be cleared off; and J. B. Foraker, his successor, had a stone wall built around the plat. Colonel Knauss took up the work of identifying and marking the graves. He next solicited flowers from the South every year, and held a decoration service. At first he was almost alone; but last year on "Confederate day" the Union veterans came and strewed flowers on the graves of their old-time antagonists. In a speech on that occasion the old Northern hero said: "When I asked some friends to join with me in holding appropriate services at this place over the graves of these Americans, some refused. Others said, 'What! recognize those acts? No; that won't do.' Others said, 'Yes, that's right; I will join you.' But the most of them came to me afterwards and said, 'I will have to refrain from taking part; the papers will probably criticise our acts.' Some were afraid of being affected politically, while some were afraid of newspapers. The result you all know. The papers did criticise us, but in a commendable manner, and

gave us credit as Americans doing honor to Americans." And then he read an extract from a letter which he had received from General Moorman, of New Orleans, as follows: "It will be a revelation to many, and will come in the nature of a surprise and benediction, that while kindred and loved ones are scattering flowers over the graves of their dead on Southern soil that strangers, aye, our former foes, are decorating with spring's choicest flowers the graves of our known and unknown dead who sleep upon Northern soil, far from home and kindred."

CHAPTER VII.

A. D. 1865.

Reason staggers to contemplate this awful period. Memory weeps over its horrors, and the patriot's soul blushes at its enormities. Was it not enough that the hungry, tired soldiers in gray were compelled in the face of superior numbers to furl their tattered banners? Was it not enough that there was mourning in almost every home from the lakes to the gulf? Was it not enough that the hitherto patient and obedient slaves, mad with license given them, not for their good but for our hurt, were encouraged by the invaders to commit excesses? Surely the anger of the god of war ought to have been appeased by all the blood that had been shed and all the ruin that had been wrought. Not so; we were to drink the last bitter dregs in the cup of civil war.

Mr. Lincoln, the leading spirit of the North, had been assassinated. Mr. Davis, the master mind of the South, had been incarcerated. The blackest spot upon American history is the page which tells of the cowardly murder of Abraham Lincoln and the no less cowardly indignities put upon Jefferson Davis. The hand which struck down the President of the North was doubtless that of an insane man maddened by defeat. The

hand that penned the order for manacles to be placed on the wrists of Mr. Davis was that of a tyrant drunk with victory.

I know I voice the sentiment of ex-Confederates in saying that the death of Mr. Lincoln, at that time, was the greatest calamity that could have befallen us. As pilot of the ship of state, he had sailed through the breakers of secession. He had weathered storms such as his predecessors never dreamed of. True, he had destroyed the Constitution to save the Union, but he had the confidence of his section and Congress would have heeded his recommendations. Not so with his successor, Mr. Johnson. He enjoyed neither the respect of the South nor the confidence of the North. No wonder, then, at the woes of reconstruction.

John H. Reagan in speaking of those dark days said: "Beaten in battle; denied political rights and the protection of law; governed by an unfriendly military authority, and by negroes, carpetbaggers and scalawags; plundered and robbed by employes of the treasury department and constantly menaced by loyal leagues, the condition of the Southern people seemed to be as hopeless as can well be imagined."

It was my good fortune to turn my face from this sad picture. Schools and colleges had gone down in the common wreck. Quite a number of young men from Louisiana and Mississippi determined to complete our education in France.

CHAPTER VIII.

Off to Europe.

On August 15, 1865, we sailed from New Orleans for Liverpool on the "Glad Tidings," a large sailing vessel, with a cargo of cotton. Our passage was purposely taken on a sailing ship because we were almost invalids, and the longer voyage, together with greater freedom on the ship, on which we were the only passengers, promised to contribute largely to our restoration to health. In this expectation of our friends, who acted for us, we were not disappointed. A good table, which to an ex-Confederate seemed sumptuous, together with the salt-laden breezes, soon brought vigor to our run-down systems. We enjoyed the freedom of the ship from the forecastle, where we listened to the sailors' yarns, to the captain's room, where we plied the good-natured Boston man with innumerable questions.

Accustomed to ride on water with the shore in sight, the stoutest of us almost regretted our venture when the tug turned us loose at the mouth of the Mississippi River. We were strangers to the sea, whose light-rolling waves stirred by gentle breezes delighted us; whose glorious sunrises and matchless sunsets charmed us; whose white-capped waves, madly rushing before the storm, affrighted

us. We reflected. One seems nearer God upon the ocean than upon the land, and the helplessness of man more apparent. In the midst of the storm it was comforting to think that He who is God upon the sea as well as upon the land remembered those "who went down to the sea in ships." Cooper's hardy old seaman, Master Coffin, said he never could see the use of more land than now and then a small island to raise a few vegetables and to dry your fish. Our boys after a three days' "blow" could not see the use of any more sea than a few small ponds to fish and bathe in.

After a voyage of forty-four days, our good ship cast anchor in the Mersey River at Liverpool. We had experienced fair winds, head winds, calms and storms. We came near being driven upon the rocks on the Irish coast, but our crew with great danger to us all "bouted" the ship.

Liverpool is the principal seaport of England. The cotton trade with America is so immense that here is found perhaps the finest system of docks in the world. A few hours for rest at the Washington Hotel and then on to London. When we waked in the morning at the Charing Cross Hotel it was difficult to realize that our dearest wishes had found fruition and that we were in old England, the mother country from which a century before our forefathers had emigrated.

At last we were on the "Island Mistress of the Sea," about which we had read and heard so much. We were in London, too, the largest city in the world, where age is reckoned not by quarter or

half centuries, as in America, but by a thousand years. With guide book in hand we set out. We took no guide, because we did not understand his language, so reckless are that class of English with their "h's" and accent. First we went to Trafalgar Square to view the grand monument erected to the memory of Nelson, the great admiral who met his death at the moment of victory over a French fleet. From its lofty top almost it seemed we could catch the never-dying words, "England expects every man to do his duty." It is upon this public square that the people congregate to discuss their wrongs and petition for redress. Of course we visited Westminster Abbey, this old church where kings and queens are crowned, and where lie in royal splendor kings, queens, soldiers, statesmen and poets, and marble tablets in honor of many who sleep elsewhere. Monarchies seem more grateful than republics. Near by we entered Parliament House, where lords and common meet to legislate.

Standing in these grand halls, the question would not down, Are not the liberties of the people better assured under a limited monarchy? In England the people really rule, and are in a great measure protected against the ambitious designs of politicians who can only aspire to second place in the kingdom. These thoughts were doubtless born of our terrible experiences just passed. Kings and queens may come and go, but it will be long before England sees another Victoria. Among all classes her praises were sung and tears of sym-

pathy were falling for her in her terrible grief at the death of the noble-minded prince consort.

Of course we crossed the old London Bridge, where tens of thousands press upon each other as they go. We thought of and repeated the words of Longfellow "as he stood on the bridge at midnight."

We passed in sight of Buckingham Palace, the home of royalty, and went down to Windsor Castle, the favorite home of the queen.

London Tower is full of interest. Here, in living tombs, were hid away in darkness and solitude distinguished prisoners of state. We entered the cells from which Walter Raleigh and Mary Queen of Scots came out to lay their necks upon the block.

We went by rail to New Haven, thence by steamer across the turbulent channel to Dieppe, and on to Paris in apartment cars with seats for four persons. An officer in military dress locked the car, which was opened at Paris by an official who inquired minutely where we were from and where we were going. During the days of the Empire persons entering France were "listed," and in a quiet way an eye was ever on them.

Paris is the gayest and most beautiful city in the world. It seemed that it was dressed in holiday attire. A continuous festival seemed in progress of celebration. The grand boulevards, widened and straightened regardless of expense, with throngs of happy people upon the broad sidewalks, are unequaled in our own country. A street

had been but recently opened along by the Tuilleries for which hundreds of houses had been torn away. The French have always an eye for the beautiful. The exuberant spirits, gay laughter and elegant toilets of pleasure-loving Parisians impresses the stranger that there are no skeletons in their closets. Live while you live, and then the muddy Seine, seems to be the motto of this godless people.

Napoleon was popular, but the beautiful Eugenie was almost the idol of France. The emperor well understood how Frenchmen delighted in military splendor, and Paris teemed with splendidly dressed officers of all grades and ranks. Paris is France in a governmental and political sense, but not otherwise. Napoleon, who regarded not the common people of the provinces, made a mistake, which a few years later he realized when he lost his empire at Sedan and France lost Alsace and Lorraine. The country people of France, who rarely ever leave their vine-clad hills, are industrious, virtuous and patriotic. History records how they bought the bonds of France to raise a billion francs to pay to Germany.

The palace of the Tuilleries, the theater of the gayest court in Europe, first attracts attention because of its most beautiful gardens. How little dreamed the gay imperial family that soon the young prince, who rode there, would lose his life at the hands of savage Africans; that Eugenie in widow's weeds would be an exile in England, and

this great palace would become the home of a republican president once more.

Place de la Concorde is the largest and most beautiful public square in Paris. Here stood the guillotine which struck off the heads of king and queen and thousands of the nobility. Here died Madam Roland, who said as she ascended the steps, "O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name." On one side of this square stands the Louvre, the art palace of the world. On the other side is the Madeleine, the church of St. Mary Magdalene. It is said to have cost three million dollars. The Grand Opera House of theater-loving Paris cost eleven millions of dollars.

We visited the July Column, which marks the site of the famous Bastile, torn down by the revolutionists in 1789, and the key sent by the hands of Lafayette to Washington.

Notre Dame Cathedral possesses wonderful interest. It was the church from whose altars the Commune tore the images of Christ and the Virgin and substituted a beautiful personation of the Goddess of Reason, and over the cemetery gates were inscribed the words, "Death is an eternal sleep."

The Hotel des Invalides, an immense building situated in large and beautiful grounds on the bank of the Seine, is a home for old and disabled soldiers. I saw and talked with men who fought under the first Napoleon; and here in the dome of this great building is the tomb of the mighty warrior. As I stood by that tomb I thought of

Austerlitz, of Lodi, of the passage of the Alps, of the retreat from Moscow, of Waterloo, and of St. Helena; and as I read the inscription in French,—"I want my remains to lie upon the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have so much loved,"—I thought how this brilliant Corsican loved France, and with all his faults how France loved him.

We set out for Tours, a lovely little city in the south, where we entered the Lycee Imperial, a school of fine repute. Our American boys, twelve in number, were not required to board in the institution. We found pleasant rooms in the Hotel du Faisin, of which Mons. Trotignon was proprietor.

Most of us, having learned French in Louisiana, made fine progress in our studies. The faculty, and indeed all the citizens, were good friends to les Americain, especially after they learned that we were from the Southern army. Stonewall Jackson was known and spoken of as "Le Napoleon de la Sud."

The popularity of the American boys was severely tested, however. Not a great while after we reached there, some of our boys in some way procured a long disused hand organ, and proceeded one night in their rooms to grind out the tunes. Ere long, to their dismay, the old instrument began to strike the notes of the soul-stirring Marseillaise Hymn. Very soon the gendarmes were at the door, seized the organ, and arrested the boys. After many protestations and promises, they were

spared the prison for the night, but had to appear before the proviseur of the city, and instead of receiving a heavy fine and imprisonment, got only a kind lecture.

At our hotel was a Virginia lady, Mrs. Fowles, living in Tours to educate her niece, little Miss Hattie Lamar, a child of wealthy parents, who were lost on the "Star of the West," which foundered at sea. It was like finding a Southern home in France to visit Mrs. Fowles' rooms, which we often did. She was indeed a mother to us. She went with us to visit the old chateaus in the country, and nearly all of her twelve sons, as she called us, attended church with her on Sunday.

There was a hospital connected with the college, attended by Sisters of Charity. Find fault who will with the great church of Rome, but dare not to say aught against these "angels of mercy," who nursed and cared for the sick boys as gently, as sweetly as their mothers and sisters could have done.

A happy year soon rolled by. We severed our connection with this institution with many regrets.

After a pleasant voyage home by the steamer "Florida," we reached New Orleans in August, 1866.

CHAPTER IX.

Reading Law—Teaching School—Move to Texas. Belton as It Was.

My school days now over, the absorbing question was how to make a living. My father's fortune was gone, and I must depend on my own exertions. My lameness was no better, and I was forced to the sad conclusion that I must carry the crutches all my life. It was hard, too, to give up the hope of a profession. After my return from France I had entered the office of Judge James Fuqua, at Baton Rouge, as a law student. Soon, however, I gave up my studies and secured a school, my father being no longer able to defray my expenses.

During this year I was married to Miss Mary Hall, of Tensas Parish. She made me a loving, gentle, affectionate wife for ten years, then died and went to heaven. She left two children, Hall, now an attorney at law, and Mary, now Mrs. Borden.

Close application to the schoolroom so seriously impaired my health that I visited the Hot Springs in Arkansas and the Magnetic Wells in Michigan.

Somewhat improved, I returned to my school. I taught among a highly cultivated people in Prairie Mer Rouge, La., and they seemed to greatly

appreciate my labors. This was more to me than my salary.

While thus engaged my half-brothers, C. I. and M. J., and my sister, Mrs. Hall, moved to Texas. I had long wanted to come to Texas, to this great growing State where industry gave promise of reward, and where faithful performance of duty might expect promotion. I remember when as a boy sitting on the knee of my grandfather Dougherty, who sleeps to-day on the west bank of the Sabine, I loved to hear him tell of the early days of Texas. My soul was stirred within me when he related how Houston fought, how Bowie died, and how Fannin was murdered. After a farewell to my dear old father, my kind stepmother, my brother Edwin and sister Katie, I moved to Belton, Texas.

In company with my nephew, W. E. Hall, then but a boy, I went to Bremond and to Waco seeking employment, but finding none we returned to Belton. Soon W. J. Long, the open-handed, big-hearted sheriff, gave my nephew employment in his store and office, thus affording the opportunity, which he improved, and subsequently became sheriff and tax collector of Bell County.

By the help of my new friends I secured a school.

In my memory looms up—not Belton, the bustling city of to-day, with its oil mills, cotton factories, compresses, artesian wells, high schools and colleges and fine churches—but old Belton of 1871. It was an old town then for Texas. Bold and ad-

venturous men had years before braved the inconveniences and dangers of frontier life, had dotted the streams with homes, and started a beautiful town among the liveoaks on the banks of the Nolan. Already from this far-off town a company of brave boys had heard and answered their country's call. Some never returned.

In business around the old courthouse I found H. C. Denny, the Miller Bros., McQuirter & Venable, Long & Reese, Embree & Keys, Batte & Hanna, Sam Rather, Methvin, Tobler, Potts, Alexander, and John Henry. At the trades were Albertson, Hendrickson, Erwin and Jim Coop. At the mill were Reid, Whitson and Ware. In the old Journal office were Davenport & Longino. In the professions were Drs. Hudson, Mallory, Kavanaugh, Talley and Shrock. Attorneys, X. B. Saunders, A. J. Harris, James Boyd, W. S. Holman, Judge Walker, N. C. Edwards. J. P. Osterhout was district judge; W. J. Long, sheriff; Jim Leach, clerk; Billy Blair, treasurer, and Stump Ashby, preacher.

At Salado were Sterling Robertson, A. J. Rose, Judge Tyler and Dr. Barton. North and east of town Elisha Embree, Ramsey Cox, David Rosborough, John Clark, A. M. Keller, Silas Baggett, Loss Williams, Sam Hunter, Jimmy Moore, Joe Miller, Ed Reed, Bill Reed, Jeff Reed, the Marshalls and Captain Freeman. Among the patrons of my school were G. W. Hefley, J. W. Embree, X. B. Saunders, A. J. Harris, Dr. Shrock and Sam Rather.

I love to recall the names and faces of my former pupils, some of whom were Misses Minnie Hefley, Fannie Whitson, Margie Shrock, Ti Methvin and Carrie Henry. Among my best boys, whom it was a pleasure to teach, were Albert Bentley, Jim Reid, Will Saunders, Charlie Batte and Paul Osterhout. I tried to be faithful and conscientious in my work, and my patrons expressed regret when I left.

In 1873 Judge Richard Coke, of Waco, was elected Governor. Hon. J. H. Davenport asked of George Clark a place for a crippled Confederate soldier in one of the departments. Without hesitation he said, "Tell him to meet me in Austin in January." It was the same George Clark, afterwards Secretary of State, Attorney-General and Judge of the Court of Appeals, and now the distinguished jurist and statesman with few equals and no superiors, who gave to me the start so greatly needed. God will ever bless the man who is ready to reach out a hand to struggling youth.

I am glad I came to Belton. I am glad that dear old Dr. Hudson stopped my brothers en route for San Saba. I can hear this enthusiastic friend of Belton telling them that the Missouri, Kansas & Texas would soon be there; that the Methodists of Texas were going to locate a great university, and that Belton had every advantage over Georgetown, and would be sure to win.

I was sorry to leave Belton, where I had found friends and employment and a new lease of life; when, broken in health and in fortune, I had wan-

dered away from the home of my boyhood and my mother's grave.

In January, 1874, I accepted a clerkship in the Department of State.

I need not repeat the story, so often told, of Governor Davis' refusal to surrender the executive office because of the "Semicolon Decision" of the Supreme Court; nor of his unsuccessful appeal to General Grant; nor of the gallant conduct of George B. Zimpleman and the Travis Rifles. By coolness, prudence and resolution, Governor Coke and the Fourteenth Legislature took the reins of the State government after a long reconstruction period of eight years.

CHAPTER X.

Nine Years at Austin as Chief Clerk and Secretary of State.

On April 21, 1874, I was promoted by Hon. A. W. De Berry, Secretary of State, to the position of chief clerk in his office. I am proud that I ever enjoyed the warm personal friendship of this good man, whose heart was as big as his body. He was as honest as St. Paul and as clean as Caesar's wife. When I suggested to him, as I frequently did, that this or that was wrong, he would whirl around in his great chair and ask, "What are you going to do about it?" I would perhaps answer that I didn't see that anything could be done about it. Then he would say, "'What can't be mended just let it tear."

Great fun was occasioned in the office by the visit of the first female lawyer that ever came to Texas. She called upon the Secretary of State, and after chatting pleasantly and in a very *gentlemanly* way, she asked Colonel De Berry to show her over the Capitol and the Supreme Court building. This, of course, he did. When she left she laid her card as attorney at law, Washington, D. C., on the secretary's desk. This card every morning I set up in a conspicuous place on the back of the inkstand which he quietly removed

when he came in. One morning he snatched the card, tore it in pieces, and called to Hugh Lewis, a fun-loving boy from Washington County. "Mr. Lewis," said he, "I have borne this thing long enough. If you must set up cards on my desk, let it be those of *he lawyers*. Do you understand me?" Lewis stuttered and retired to his desk in confusion. It was quite awhile before I dared confess to the act.

For seven years I retained my position. I worked for promotion as did Jacob for Rachael. When the biennial elections came I was not without the trepidation experienced by all the State employes. I remained, however, but by no means *solely* because I was faithful and competent. I was so fortunate as to have the Bell County Democracy at my back. Every two years they passed resolutions indorsing me. To Joe Miller and other friends I was indebted for the great compliment, but more especially to George C. Pendleton, the advance guard of civilization in that county. He was a farmer and sold plows to his neighbors; and did not the "Old Alcalde" say that "civilization begins and ends with the plow?"

Mr. Pendleton still lives respected and honored by all the people. He filled with great credit to himself the positions of Speaker of the House of Representatives, Lieutenant-Governor and Congressman.

Governor Coke's administration was distinguished as follows: He restored public confidence, thus allowing the people to settle down to

their various avocations, assured that the State government was in safe and friendly hands. He re-established the ruined credit of the State. He recovered through Hon. D. C. Giddings a large sum of money, long due to Texas, from parties in Europe. He settled the International Railroad bond question. He defended our frontier against Indians and desperadoes through the intrepid John B. Jones and his gallant frontier battalion.

Richard Coke was a man who never left anyone to doubt where he stood. It is said that when Jack Hamilton, scarce of material in his own party, offered Coke a judgeship, he said: "Governor, at the instance of my friends and for the good of the people, I accept the position, with the perfect understanding that I am an ex-Confederate and a Democrat."

As a speaker he was heavy, as a thinker he was slow, but his conclusions when reached were almost infallible. When he came down with his sledge-hammer blows, and said, *"It is so,"* it was very apt to be so. More than once I was a guest at his home in Waco. Just before his death I visited him and felt from his looks and speech that the great ex-Governor and ex-United States Senator was near to the end of a great career. I am told that it was amid the awful thunders and terrific lightnings of a storm at night that Richard Coke was summoned to meet his God.

When Governor Coke, after his second election, was chosen by the Legislature to represent Texas in the United States Senate, Lieutenant-Gover-

nor R. B. Hubbard succeeded to the executive office. The large ex-minister to Japan was an elegant gentleman, a scholarly man, and one of the finest orators of the South. In 1876, at the Centennial in Philadelphia, he made a great speech which sent his name and fame all over the continent.

Stephen H. Darden was Comptroller, a fine business man, and up to his fourscore years of life was as true to Texas as when he fought for her emancipation in 1836.

Andrew Jackson Dorn was State Treasurer, a knightly old gentleman who won his spurs in the war with Mexico, who was a gallant Confederate soldier. That he was succeeded at the end of one term, was not because the Democracy of Texas loved Dorn less, but Frank Lubbock more.

Of ex-Governor Lubbock, the bold champion of what he believed to be right, the faithful and fearless official, nothing can be said which has not already been said. He served Texas long and well. He served the South gallantly, and went like a hero to prison with Jefferson Davis. Long may the grand old man linger upon the shores of time.

Upon the supreme bench were the learned and just George Moore, O. M. Roberts, M. H. Bonner, Tom Brown and T. J. Devine.

Upon the Court of Appeals, the safe, sound, upright J. C. White; Jim Hurt, the brainy lawyer, the gallant Ector and C. M. Winkler, the

honest judge, the heroic ex-colonel in Hood's immortal brigade.

In the Department of Education was O. N. Hollingsworth, a competent official, a good man, a true friend; just such a man as would suffer for the act of another and make no sign.

In the several departments were many true and tried men. Among them I recall Ed Duggan, Alston Duggan, Rhodes Fisher, Val Giles, John I. Calloway, Robert Josselyn, X. B. De Bray, Billy Pitts and W. D. Moore. Conspicuous among them W. B. Wortham, John D. McCall and W. C. Walsh, who each won his way by long and faithful service to the head of his department.

Our representatives in Senate and House at Washington during these years were commonly reputed to be the ablest of any State in the Union. In the Senate were Richard Coke and S. B. Maxey. In the House of Representatives were John Hancock, J. W. Throckmorton, John H. Reagan, Roger Q. Mills, D. C. Giddings, Sam Lanham and David B. Culberson—intellectual giants all.

To Dave Culberson, the great constitutional lawyer, belongs the singular distinction, among the great public men of Texas, of having a son who has worthily climbed higher than his father.

Of the great Reagan I must express the pride I feel that I have enjoyed his personal friendship; that he has sat at my table and slept under my roof. Many years since at a Democratic conven-

tion in Dallas I introduced a resolution which was adopted amid the wildest cheers. It read:

"Resolved by the Democrats of Texas, in convention assembled, that John H. Reagan enjoys our undying love and confidence; and we pray that he may live to the century mark, and then pass over the river and sit down under the shade of the trees, by the side of Jefferson Davis, at the feet of the Savior of Men."

Governor Hubbard had no session of the Legislature during his term of office; he merely continued the policies of his predecessor. At the close of his term was precipitated the hottest campaign almost ever seen in the State. J. W. Throckmorton, whom all Texas loved, was a candidate against Governor Hubbard for the Democratic nomination. He had been elected Governor in 1866 and ruthlessly displaced by the Federal bayonet. Many Democrats resolved, I might say swore, that later he should by their votes be put back into the executive office. At the convention in Austin the political fight was long and bitter, but resulted in the withdrawal of both of these gentlemen and the unanimous nomination of Chief Justice O. M. Roberts.

I continued in my place under I. G. Searcy and John D. Templeton, both elegant gentlemen and able officials, until Governor Roberts' second election, when I was appointed Secretary of State.

Oran M. Roberts' opinions, which, as he used to say, were "based on common sense," were recog-

nized as good law from Maine to California. The keynote of his administration was "pay as you go."

Governor Roberts, as plain as the plainest farmer, was as honest as God's sunshine. He never yielded his convictions of right nor transcended by a hair's breadth his authority. To illustrate this statement I refer to his famous speech to Judge Terrell or Colonel Peeler, who tried to win him from a certain position by telling him if he persisted that Texas would go to h—, to which he quietly answered, "If Texas must go to that place, she must go there according to law."

In November succeeding his inauguration it was rumored that he would not issue the customary Thanksgiving proclamation. A delegation of able ministers, resident pastors of the several churches in Austin, waited on the old Governor to remonstrate with him. He assured them that injustice had been done him in the report that he was an infidel, and proceeded to talk learnedly and beautifully of the Savior of Men. He said: "Let the constituted authorities of your several churches appoint a day of thanksgiving and I will go with the old woman to church. But for me, a State officer, to even suggest anything to church officials about when and where to worship, I will not." He then in strong and earnest language reminded these preachers of the strife and bloodshed which had cursed the world under a union of church and state.

The honest old Governor was again to be tried.

After President Garfield was shot, the Governor of Ohio sent to Governor Roberts of Texas, as he did to all other governors of States, a request for a proclamation appointing a day and calling upon the people to pray for the President's recovery. When Governor Roberts had read the communication he brought it to my office, told me what it was, and started out after handing it to me. I said, "Governor, what do you wish to do or have done?" He answered, "Nothing, I have nothing in the world to do with it." Upon the suggestion of prominent friends I sent over my official signature to James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, the following telegram: "The people of Texas are grieved at the attempt upon the life of Mr. Garfield. An assault upon the President is an assault upon constitutional government. We pray for his recovery."

While I was in office the old Capitol burned. A new clerk in one of the offices, mistaking a hole through a partition wall for a flue, put up a stove, run his pipe into a room filled with session acts, department reports, court reports, etc. The employes of the Capitol were nearly all out to dinner. The alarm of fire, made after some delay, brought the fire department, but vain were their efforts to save the building. The clerks, from all the departments, with the aid of citizens, succeeded after hard and dangerous work in saving the records and papers of the various offices. The old building, within whose halls had rung the voices of our ablest and best, was a blackened ruin.

Travis County generously gave free offices to the Governor and Secretary of State for the remainder of the term.

Steps were immediately taken for the erection of a temporary Capitol. Then it was that Governor Roberts conceived the idea of the great granite structure which might be erected and paid for in lands which were on the market at fifty cents per acre and being given away as a bonus to railroads. That it was carried out successfully and grandly by Governor Roberts' successors we all are proud, but the fact remains that great credit is due to this distinguished East Texas statesman, the like to whom we will never see.

Governor Roberts was ably seconded in his public policies by Lieutenant-Governor L. J. Story, the honest old Georgian who for many years has been a member of the Railroad Commission, and now its able chairman.

Austin was smaller then than now. There was no dam on the river, no electric lights, no long lines of street railway. The campus of the State University, so wisely reserved by the fathers, was a mesquite thicket—a place of refuge for every poor horse, cow or goat that had no friends and no home.

For the information of my young readers I give the vote for the location of the University—this great institution which is doing a grand work under the leadership of a man who learned at the feet of R. E. Lee: Austin received 30,913 votes;

Tyler, 18,974; Waco, 9799; Thorpe Springs, 3217; Lampasas, 2829.

For medical department of the University, Galveston received 29,741 votes; Houston, 12,586.

The old residents of Austin of thirty and more years ago whose names come rushing to mind, were George Hancock, C. R. Johns, J. H. Pope, J. H. Raymond, Jim Smith, W. A. Hamilton, Frank Brown, Taylor Moore, D. W. Doom. Z. T. Fulmore, T. B. Wheeler, A. W. Terrell, Dr. Brackenridge, Wm. Von Rosenberg, Eugene Bremond, John Cardwell, W. B. Smith, O. Archer, John D. Elliot, Dr. Taylor, Dr. McLaughlin, Dr. Haynie, John Tibaut, Josiah Whipple and George Walling. W. M. Walton, too, I remember, and here relate an incident to his credit. Buck Walton, like Throckmorton, had been deposed by the bayonet. His many friends determined to re-elect him Attorney-General. When the convention came on he had a very large following and his nomination seemed assured, but when he saw Hon. H. H. Boone, his opponent, whose arm was buried on the battlefield, whose other hand was maimed, walk out on the platform, Major Walton, grander than the leader of an army in battle, said to his hosts, "I withdraw. Vote for H. H. Boone."

In 1881 I married Miss Mollie Tibaut, of Austin. Colonel Brown, Comptroller; Lieutenant-Governor Story and wife, myself and wife, had a delightful trip as representatives of Texas to the Cotton Exposition in Atlanta, Ga. There we met

Henry W. Grady, the statesman, the philosopher, the silver-tongued Georgian.

My duties as a member of the Printing Board took me several times to Galveston and St. Louis. My position on the State Board of Education gave me official connection with the State Normal school at Huntsville, which I had the pleasure once to visit. These were pleasant recreations after years spent at the desk.

When Hon. John Ireland succeeded to the executive office I made no application to remain longer, but moved back to Belton after an absence of nine years.

CHAPTER XI.

Life on Sheep Ranch in the West—Elected County Attorney—County Judge—Candidate for Congress—Lecturing, etc.

Having been raised in the country, I have always preferred to live close to nature, "for nature never did betray the heart that loved her; she impresses with quietness and beauty, and feeds with lofty thoughts." It was always a great pleasure to sit beneath the shade of some great forest tree, far from human habitations, and feel as free from restraint as the birds in the branches overhead. I can enter into the sentiment of him who said, "Man made the towns but God made the country." While not blind to the many beauties of art creation found in towns and cities, nor forgetful of the many advantages attaching to city life, I like better the freedom of mind and body found on the fresh green fields and by the sparkling brooks, far removed from the jostling crowd. Thirteen years of close confinement in the school room and at the desk necessitated a change. I was free now to follow my inclinations, and they were decidedly to go west and start a sheep ranch.

When the Santa Fe Railroad had completed its western branch I went with a flock of sheep to Runnels County, where I purchased a thousand acres of land. It is hard to express how like a

boy out of school I felt. My location was in a beautiful valley extending from Bluff Creek on the east to Cayote Creek on the west. Eight miles south was the site of the old town of Runnels. Its inhabitants, some two or three hundred, had literally rolled their houses and all their belongings to the new town of Ballinger. Runnels now had nothing left but rock chimneys and underground cisterns. I forget; yes, Magee, the blacksmith, and Nunn, the postmaster, remained. Magee had no money, and Nunn had to await orders from Washington, or they, too, would have gone off with railroad fever.

The September rains had come, and in the west the earth responds to moisture more quickly in the fall than in spring. The weather was just perfect and the sunshine just warm enough. The breezes, mild and gentle as they came from the gulf, were laden with health and cheer. The green, grassy prairies were covered with curlew, plover, blue quail, doves, prairie dogs and badger, with occasionally a pack of wolves and a herd of antelope.

It was in this paradise I found a new abode. I wanted no news from the outside world and was not sorry when the mail failed to arrive. No wonder, then, the pale cheeks grew ruddy and the squeamish appetite became hearty. We had our land fenced, a comfortable ranch house built, then busied ourselves about sheep-sheds, wind-breaks, chicken-houses, pig-pens, etc. The herder turned out the sheep at sunrise, and taking with him a

noon lunch, was off on the prairies for all day. After the sheep were gone, then with my wife I went hunting or fishing, and rare sport we had. In the evening late I went out to help bring in the flock and see that all were penned and the other stock fed. Thus day by day we passed the happy time away.

Were there no neighbors? the reader imagines. Yes, and in the near future too many. Within a few years certain crops of grass were plowed up for uncertain crops of corn, cotton, wheat and oats by a hundred or more settlers in the neighborhood.

The sheep business pays when managed with great care, but will involve the owner in great loss with very slight mismanagement. A strict watch against wolves, which are numerous in the west, must be kept during the day, and a lantern kept burning at the pen at night.

Lambing time, with the profits of a year in the balance, is most important. Extra hands and close watchfulness day and night are necessary. The fine-bred sheep have a greater disposition to disown their young than any other animal. Shearing needs to be done with care to get all the fleece without cutting the sheep. The wool must be neatly tied and carefully packed to insure a good market. Sheep-herding is a lonely life, and emphasizes the fact that man needs the companionship of his fellows. Two little incidents I relate:

A North Carolina boy was at work for me; Tom's camp was about seven miles away. I went

once a week to carry his supplies. He seldom saw or spoke to a human being. One day he wrote me a note by a passing cowboy, saying, "If you are not here by noon to-morrow I will turn the sheep loose." I divined the trouble. Poor Tom, who was my friend and who had served me faithfully for two years, had lost his mind. When I went out with a Mexican to relieve him he looked as if he would run from me, but I persuaded him to go home with me. He played with the children like a child, and in a short while recovered. I had a letter a year or two later from him at his home. He said: "I want to come back to Texas. There are too many people here. The justice court is busy every Saturday trying the boys for what we call nothing in Texas,—taking a few watermelons and laughing a little with the girls in church."

Mr. Meyers also got tired and lonely in the camp, but the old German proceeded differently. He asked me to come and herd one day for him and loan him a horse to go to town. Of course I did so. I stayed four or five days and nights in the camp. When I heard from him he had left the horse at the wagon-yard with instructions if anything happened to him to send it to me, then went on a big drunk.

There are good people everywhere, and my brother and I found them on the western prairies. Duke, Herron, Scott, Vancil, James and Rather, and families, united with us to form almost a model community. A schoolhouse was soon erected and a school in operation. Next ministers of

the different churches were invited and came to preach at "Bowman's Chapel." When protracted meetings and school picnics were held, from far and near the people came and each family brought a basket overflowing with substantials and good things for dinner on the ground. In the West the neighborly feeling, akin to that of which the Master talked in the parable of the Good Samaritan, is very strong.

My house and contents were entirely destroyed by fire. Every house in the community was opened to my family. These good people, whom I love to remember, said, "Buy your lumber; we will do the rest." They hauled the material out and built me a better house than I lost, and to have offered them pay would have been to offend them.

When the "man with the hoe" came, lands advanced, and nearly all of our friends, feeling the time to go further west had come, sold out. I moved with my flocks to Howard County, regretting to leave a good people and the prettiest country in the west.

Ballinger is a nice county seat town, a fine trading point and adorned with schoolhouses, churches and all that marks a refined people. I must mention that in that little city lives a worthy son of old Judge Guion, of Mississippi, a law partner of the great S. S. Prentiss.

A good location for my ranch was found eight miles south of Big Springs, on Elbow Creek. Three sections of school land were filed on, a

house built and a well drilled. My son Hall took charge, but instead of pursuing the practice of sheepowners farther east, he fell into the ways of sheepmen in that part of the West; that is, with wagon and team and Mexican herder to start out, camping wherever night overtook them. There was at that time a great deal of open country. All the Pecos country, extending up some distance into New Mexico, was his range.

My family, consisting of my wife and four children, Tibaut, Thornton, Carrie and Annabird, went overland in hack to Colorado City, thence by rail to their new home.

Big Springs, a busy hive of industry, is situated in a draw which evidently is the bed of a river which some time in the centuries past had conveyed the water from the foot of the plains a few miles west into the Colorado River on the east. The track of the Texas & Pacific runs up this canyon, and is at times submerged by heavy rains. Stockmen and railroaders constituted nearly the entire population. The shops for the long line of road to El Paso are situated here. There are no drones, no tramps. The people eat the bread of honest toil with thanksgiving. The railroad people live in their own vine-covered cottages, whose little yards are things of beauty, and are redolent with the perfume of flowers. The sunburned ranchmen occupy more pretentious houses. The reckless cowboy and the Mexican herder are also to be found in this busy little city of the West,—but all dwell together in peace.

Fifteen hundred people without a municipal incorporation shows that they were a law-abiding people. It is, too, a healthful town; the breezes cooling the burning brows in summer is no more a friendly one than is the rushing "norther" which gives tone and vigor to the system and drives poisonous malaria back towards the sea. It seems hardly necessary to say that these people had schools and churches. I made my home in West Texas, in this town and among this people for quite a number of years. The man with the plow and the hoe had not arrived, and yet civilization had preceded him. The ranchman with his herds and flocks had come from off the broad prairies. The agents and employes of the Texas & Pacific, following the iron bands laid by Tom Scott's genius, had come from the east, and here we met and harmonized.

I was twice elected county judge and one time county attorney of Howard County, with Glasscock and Dawson counties attached. The sheriff, John Birdwell, was vigilant. A. C. Walker, county clerk, was competent and faithful. The county treasurer was Dr. J. W. Barnett, an intelligent gentleman, a fine physician, a zealous populist. He will be greatly missed. The county commissioners were Messrs. Frost and Cosby, Dan Painter and G. W. Hysaw, and they formed a court of which any county would have been proud. So harmoniously did they transact the business that there was never a tie vote in four years, consequently the county judge never cast a vote.

Our administration did some good which will abide. We improved the courthouse property, did considerable work on the streets and roads, were largely instrumental in having a fine system of waterworks built, and bought up all outstanding bonds of the county with the proceeds of the county school lands, thus leaving the county owing no debt except to the children of the county. As ex officio superintendent I gave to the school interests my best attention. As trial judge I held the scales of justice as evenly balanced as I could, knowing neither friend nor foe. Messrs. Cowan, Douthitt and Littler extended to me, as attorneys practicing in my court, every courtesy and kindness. S. H. Morrison, attorney at law, will ever be remembered for his valuable advice and assistance cheerfully rendered at all times. He was my friend whether I ruled for or against him.

When my second term was nearing its close Howard County Democrats paid me the high compliment to indorse me for Congress, as the following resolutions attest:

"To the Democrats of the Thirteenth District:

"The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the county convention of Howard County on April 18, 1896:

" 'Resolved, that we, the united Democracy, in convention assembled, recognizing the intelligence, statesmanship, purity of character, honorable official record and unswerving Democracy of our fellow-townsman, Hon. T. H. Bowman, commend

him to the Democrats of this district as one worthy of their confidence and support.

" 'That our delegates are instructed to vote for his nomination for Congress and use all honorable means to secure it.'

"We, the undersigned, take pleasure in stating that our adjoining and neighboring counties of Borden, Dawson, Mitchell, Nolan, Callahan and others have passed similar resolutions of indorsement and instructions for Judge Bowman. We ask your co-operation.

"S. H. Morrison,
"J. C. Smith,
"R. K. Manion,
"J. L. Atwood,
"C. W. Willis,
"Democratic Executive Committee of Howard County.

"Attest: C. N. Harris, Secretary County Convention.

"Big Springs, Texas, June 29, 1896."

This action of my friends and neighbors was a matter of great pride to me, to see that they who knew me best thought me worthy to represent this great and rich district in the National House of Representatives. A district rich in cattle, horses and sheep; rich in minerals and rich in lands; rich, too, in the character of her people (for only the brave and enterprising go west); rich in her sons and daughters; rich in a heritage of valor left by Baylor, Jones, Ford and the McCul-

loughs, and others who fought and died in "this nursery of heroes."

I made speeches in a few counties and pledged to the people that my work for them if elected would be to the full limit of my physical and mental strength. My opponents were Hon. J. H. Stephens of Vernon, Hon. J. H. Calhoun of Eastland, Hon. Juan Hart of El Paso, and Hon. W. B. Plemmons of Amarillo. The convention was held at Henrietta. I was placed in nomination by my friend Ellis Douthitt, a brilliant young district attorney, in language as follows:

"I have to-day, gentlemen, the honor of placing in nomination before this convention Howard County's candidate for Congress—T. H. Bowman. Words of mine are feeble to express my admiration and esteem for him as a Democrat and as a man. I have nothing to say against any gentleman before this convention; they are good men and true, and Democrats to the core; but T. H. Bowman is the peer of any Democrat, of any man. He is a man who has been tried and never found wanting. Educated in an Alabama university, he is a scholar. When the great struggle between the States broke out, a Southern boy of seventeen with a loyal Southern heart, he espoused the cause of his native State, Louisiana, and of the South, and went to fight for what he and his people thought was right. He returned with hopes almost crushed, fortune gone, and a cripple for life, and with thousands of other Southern heroes began again on the ashes of the past the struggle for the future,

and for an existence. How nobly and how well they have fought! The bitter war and its bitter recollections are fast becoming history and slowly fading from hearts united under a common flag, but the South will never—no, never!—turn the back of her hand to those men. They were her heroes in war; they are her pride in peace. Judge Bowman has resided in Texas for nearly thirty years. He loves the Lone Star's history, and is identified with her great interests. He served the State under Coke and Hubbard, and was Secretary of State under Governor Roberts, and for the past four years has been county judge of Howard County. His official record has been marked by eminent ability, the strictest integrity, and loyalty to every trust. With sympathies as broad as humanity, a private character spotless. In intellect keen, in judgment clear, in courage indomitable, he has the confidence and love of all who know him.

"A lifelong Democrat, he believes the greatest good that comes to the American people is through the perpetuation of Democratic principles; he believes and stands firmly on the Democratic national platform; is for the free coinage of silver and gold at the ratio of 16 to 1, independent of any nation on earth, and believes that the greatest liberty which man can enjoy is that which flows from equal and exact laws to all. He will not brook the oppression of man, woman or child, if in his power to prevent.

"He is not a lawyer. The bright hopes of young manhood for a professional life, circumstances

never allowed him to realize; yet he has a judgment and intellect which fit him for any position. He has a keen insight into the just and right, loves justice for its own sake, loves it as a patriot, because it assures Americans property, life and happiness; because it is a priceless legacy from the fathers; because Americans defended it with their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

"We present to you a man who will represent this great district from Texline across the fields to Eastland, from Decatur across the plains to El Paso. He knows the interest of the farmer gathering his golden grain, he knows the interest of the stockman gathering his herds on the plain, and will ably represent them in our National Congress. We present you a man in whom the welfare and the honor of our people will find a fitting representative—T. H. Bowman. As a soldier he was brave, as a citizen he is loyal, as a man he is honest."

The convention was in session four or five days. The voting was long and tedious. The printed proceedings of the convention show: "115th ballot—Calhoun 19, Hart 28, Stephens 38, Plemmons 53, Bowman 69. On the 116th ballot Bowman went to 71 votes. This vote almost set the Bowman following wild, and his supporters looked for his nomination at any time."

At length the end came, as must come to all things. Hon. John D. Stephens was nominated.

Bill Plemmons, now gone to his reward, was nature's nobleman—an honest man, the noblest

work of God. His characteristic speech in withdrawing from the race is herewith published for the benefit of his many friends. Advancing to the stand Judge Plemmons said:

"Three great events occurred in 1844. The electric telegraph was invented, Polk was elected president and I was born. (Laughter.) I made up my mind long ago that I would never lock this convention. All my competitors are still in the race, yet, unlike them, I have never lost a vote on a single ballot. (Cheers.) I went to the front for the Confederacy in 1861 at the age of 16 and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. (Cheers.) I then stole a mule (laughter) and rode him home. For the good of my country I left Tennessee and came to Texas. (Terrific applause and cheers.) I first stopped at Tyler and I guess it was there that I acquired my hankering for a desire to draw the salary of a congressman from this district. (Laughter and applause.) Twenty-five years ago I moved to Clay County and resided right here in this town until the population got too dense for me and I went on west. (Laughter.) I have lived there long enough to know what it takes to make a Democrat and a man. (Cheers.) For over 100 ballots the old Stonewall brigade from the Panhandle has cast 44 votes for Bill Plemmons. They have never wavered. They mustered this for me even after the basis of representation had been changed against me. They stand right here and you all see them. They are the men to make any country great, and I have just ordered a

leather medal for everyone of them (cheers) to be stamped one one side: '106 to 210' and on the other '44.' (Cheers and applause.) My 44 votes in this convention are from men who make any country great. They are from men who raise the finest steers and the finest babies (cheers, laughter and cries of 'Go it, Bill.' 'God bless you.' 'We love you') ever seen in any land on any day. My only regret has been that I was not born in this country. If my father had treated me right I would have been born where I now live (laughter and cheering), but on reaching man's estate I chose the place of my abode and I came to western Texas. (Laughter.) Two years ago two Democrats aspired to this nomination and they were turned loose with the result that one was elected. There are five Democrats in this race and with all in the field a Populist from Jack or Wise County would be sure to win. (Laughter and cheers.) The people of Texas know how I was treated here. They will see my vote and reflect that I was the sufferer. I am going to now get out of the way. I don't care who is nominated. I will support him and further stump the district for him. Bill Plemmons never wronged a man intentionally in his life. He has friends and they have stood to him. I don't know how they are going to vote, and further, I don't care. I absolve them from all allegiance to me."

Cries of "Hurrah for Plemmons!" and a voice said: "Bill Plemmons, they have rode you to the

queen's taste so far, but there is going to be a hereafter."

Continuing Plemmons said: "I was hot when I addressed you the other day, but I meant all I said. It came from my heart. I still say there are enough thieves (laughter) in the Panhandle to support me (cheers), and I am further almost always absent from home defending some poor man who has been called upon to take the life of another—in self-defense only, of course. (Applause.) I am independent and propose to stay so. When the time comes that I am not I want you to kick me out of the State clear into Fort Worth or Dallas." (Cheers and laughter.)

Here, with tears streaming from his eyes, he turned and addressed his valiant forty-four. He called them the "Stonewall brigade." He told them how he was out for good. His speech along here was touching and brought tears from more than one. Concluding, he said: "I am going home to-day, nomination or no nomination. I am out of it. I have led on many ballots, but I can never be named by this body and I know it. I leave the record so faithfully portrayed in the News of this convention for the inspection of the public. I do not fear the result. Nominate who you may, I am at his service and also that of my party."

On the recommendation of Governor Ross and Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie I gave a few lectures in adjoining counties for the ex-Confederate cause.

Ex-Governor Sul Ross, Texas member of the executive committee of the Southern Memorial Association, writes: "I take pleasure in commending Judge T. H. Bowman and his praiseworthy work to my Confederate comrades and other friends. I hope they will lend him all possible assistance and encouragement."

Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, of Dallas, president of the Daughters of the Confederacy, writes: "I want to thank the author of the address to 'The Womanhood of the South,' and to express the sincere hope that your lecture, 'A Leaf from Memory's Pages,' will be appreciated as it should be. I will take pleasure in forwarding your generous donations to the proper authority."

The press of West Texas, which was ever kind to me, and had elected me to an honorary membership in their association, thus notices my lecture:

"Judge Bowman of our city is engaged in delivering a series of lectures in aid of the effort to raise funds for the erection of the Confederate Battle Abbey. The cause he thus aids is a laudable one, and in him has an eloquent advocate."—The Pantagraph.

"Judge Bowman, of Big Springs, lectured at the courthouse Monday night to an appreciative audience. The judge is a fluent speaker."—Sweetwater Review.

"Judge Bowman's lecture, 'A Leaf from Memory's Pages,' showed very careful preparation, being a model of fine language and brimful of

pathos. The manner of its delivery was deliberate, smooth and highly interesting throughout—a manner characteristic of this master of platform nomenclature. All who have ever heard this gifted genius, who catches the public with his oratory, are always willing and anxious to accord him audience."—The Coming West.

"Judge Bowman is an eloquent speaker, and all admit that he did the subject full justice. The speaker paid an eloquent tribute to Southern soldiers, and a just tribute to General Grant for his magnanimous treatment of General Lee, which finds a responsive chord in every Southern heart." —Baird Star.

"The lecture was a very able one. It is a worthy cause, championed by a worthy man."—Merkel Mail.

"The lecture of Judge T. H. Bowman was one of the finest ever delivered in Eastland. Truly an accomplished young lady spoke advisedly when she declared: 'It was as music upon the waters.' This lecture is worthy a place in every Southern household. It is a masterpiece brimming full of historical truths, and an intellectual tribute to the South and her people that should be preserved as a legacy by Confederate sons and daughters."—Eastland Chronicle.

Resident pastors of churches not yet having settled in the West, most of the marriages were performed by civil officers. I officiated at very many such ceremonies, sometimes two or three in one day. An outlaw for whom a large reward was

L. of C.

offered came to my office one morning with his girl and was married. He was dressed as a cowboy. The sheriff was a spectator and was very much chagrined when later he learned the facts. He was surprised and captured a short time afterwards in New Mexico. When he was being carried east for trial the train stopped at our town and the sheriff boarded the train to have a look at the fellow who had so boldly slipped through his fingers. He said to me next morning: "Judge, that was our man, sure, and, by George, the little woman is sticking to him yet." I replied: "Bill, adversity tries men and often finds them to be counterfeit; but with women it only rubs off the dross and reveals the true gold."

A Mexican wedding in that country is very unlike that of Americans. Notice was given me to be over in the Mexican suburb one night to marry a couple of bon ton Mexicans. The ceremony I understood was to be at 9 o'clock. The dancing commenced at that hour and continued until 12 o'clock. The room was then cleared, a long table placed in the room, with a small one in the corner for myself and a few friends. Supper was brought in, and it was indeed a grand one. About 1 o'clock the dancing was resumed and continued until nearly morning. At last Juan and his bride, with an interpreter, broke off from the dance and stood before me to be made man and wife. After the ceremony the mothers of the bride and groom announced that all the company, including my friend Juan, could now disperse, that

the festivities would be concluded on the next Sunday, when the priest arrived.

Having been unanimously elected county attorney, I qualified under special license from District Judge Kennedy and entered upon the duties of my office. Within a year, however, I reflected that it was full late in life for the arduous studies necessary to success in the profession, and resigned the position.

Again the old love of ranch life seized me with redoubled force, and as much as I regretted to leave many friends in Big Springs, who had honored and trusted me, I moved to Bronte, situated in a fine country on the Colorado River, in Coke County. You may readily guess the character of the people when you learn that they named their county seat Robert Lee. Key, Stark, Shook and dear brother Harris and families, by many deeds of kindness soon won the warmest affections of myself and family.

A quiet, easy life, much coveted, seems not to have been intended for me. Always a still small voice has whispered to me "Move on." Very soon I was chosen by a committee of distinguished citizens, among whom were Hon. C. A. Culberson, Hon. George Clark, Hon. W. S. Baker, Hon. W. L. Prather and Colonel Charles Goodnight, to solicit funds for the erection of a grand monument to be erected in memory of Sul Ross. I accepted the sacred trust, but ere I had entered upon this "labor of love" the Spanish-American war was declared, and postponed our operations indefinitely.

CHAPTER XII.

Appointed Superintendent of State Orphan Home.

In the winter of 1898 my son Hall, an active friend of the Governor-elect, notified me that in January I would be named by Governor Sayers for the position of Superintendent of the State Orphan Home. I accepted the appointment with a considerable degree of reluctance to assume such great responsibility, with no special qualification for the place, except that I had once been a teacher and loved children. My official report of the institution will show what measure of success attended my first administration.

REPORT OF SUPERINTENDENT, STATE ORPHAN HOME.

To His Excellency, Joseph D. Sayers, Governor of Texas:

DEAR SIR.—I have the honor to submit my report of the present condition of the State Orphan Home, and the operations thereof, since February 2, 1899, at which time I assumed the office of superintendent.

When elected by the Board of Trustees, on your nomination, I began my work with serious misgivings as to my fitness. I esteemed it no light thing to be intrusted with the guardianship and

care of three hundred children. With great pride in the State's eleemosynary work and with a heart full of love and sympathy for these helpless ones, driven by misfortune to seek refuge from the storms of life beneath the roof so generously built by Texas to shelter them, I accepted the task with a firm resolve to give to the institution a kindly, parental and just administration.

In succeeding Colonel W. A. Wortham, an honored citizen who had been for eight years the superintendent and much loved "Grandpa" of these children, I realized that the difficulties of my new position were many and great. Knowing, as he did, the dread on the children's part of a change of superintendents, Colonel Wortham and his good wife, in great kindness to me, whom they had known for many years, rendered valuable assistance at this critical juncture. Long ere now, I trust, the little ones, while not forgetting their old friends, have opened their hearts to the new ones. Much of kindness and affection and but little of disrespect and unkindenss have been shown me.

OTHER OFFICIALS.

The board at its first meeting, after my expression of entire willingness that they elect any suitable lady for matron, proceeded by unanimous vote to elect my wife, Mrs. Mollie T. Bowman, to this position. She superintends the kitchen, dairy, dining rooms, laundry, sewing department and dormitories. Her work, arduous and never ending, is being conscientiously performed.

On June 6, 1899, Mr. Jink Evans resigned the office of trustee and was elected industrial manager. He is untiring and efficient.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

The members of the board in their frequent visits to the Home have manifested great interest in its welfare, and have shown me much kindness. The former chairman, Dr. S. W. Johnson, and his successor, Colonel W. D. Haynie, have always given me patient hearings and wise counsel.

EMPLOYES.

Our help in the various departments of the institution is first class. They have the good of the Home and the children at heart. Quite a number of these good women have been here for a long term of years.

FOOD AND CLOTHING.

The table is well supplied with good wholesome food in as great variety as possible. Milk from the dairy and ripe fruit from the orchard have been in plentiful supply during the summer.

The children are plainly but genteelly clad.

DORMITORIES.

Quite a number of new beds and mattresses have been added and several hundred pairs of blankets purchased. The children sleep as comfortably as the crowded condition of dormitories will allow. Additional room should be provided.

HEALTH.

With the exception of measles epidemic the present and last summers, there has been remarkably little sickness. We have had a few severe cases of pneumonia and la grippe. Our hospital service, in charge of Dr. Clay Johnson, home physician, and Miss Jennie Rikard, trained nurse, is not surpassed in any institution in the State. We have lost by death but six children. They have been genteelly buried on the Home grounds with religious services at the grave. An inexpensive monument sacred to the memory of the State's orphan dead should be provided.

SCHOOL.

A splendid school with kindergarten, primary, grammar and high school grades is maintained for nine months each year. We have also an interesting music department, in charge of Mrs. Annabel Morse, where instruction is given on the piano, mandolin and guitar. Special attention is given to vocal music. Shorthand, typewriting and bookkeeping will be added next session.

There were three graduates in 1899 and twelve in 1900. They are all in honorable employment for which they are well equipped.

For the term beginning September 24th the following most excellent faculty have been employed: Prof. J. H. Morse, a worthy gentleman and ripe scholar, was re-elected principal; Misses Mary Chapman, Maud Campbell, Buena Vaughan, Hixie Harrison, Lena Taylor and Texie Horn-

beak will have charge of the several grades. Three of our Home girls, Misses Ellen Benson, Birdie White and Malana Nelson, were elected assistant teachers.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.

Chapel services are held every morning during the session of the school, and Sunday school every Sunday evening. The school is well supplied with Bibles, song books and non-sectarian literature.

Bro. F. S. Brooks, of Corsicana, is still faithful to the good work. The pastors of the various city churches, with a true missionary spirit, hold services with the children every Sabbath. More than one-half of the children are members of the church. When circumstances will permit, the children are allowed to attend the churches in the city to which they belong.

INDUSTRIAL.

The boys work the farm, keep the grounds, plant trees, care for the stock and poultry, milk the cows and cut the wood. A few of them are being taught to do carpenters' and plumbers' work. Within a very short time we will have mattress, broom and shoe repair shops in operation. The girls are being taught washing, cooking and sewing. Quite a number of them are very proficient.

VISITING.

The Corsicana public are admitted two evenings in the week, citizens of other parts of the State

are admitted at all times. Because of serious interruption to school and other work, the board at my request has restricted visits from the relatives of the children to the vacation months, except when summoned here in case of sickness or death.

DISCIPLINE.

Believing that kindly methods and appeals to reason ought to do more than the lash, I have instructed the teachers and employes not to whip the children. When grave offenses are committed the offenders are brought to me, and when all mild measures fail to work reformation, corporal punishment is resorted to.

STATUTORY REQUIREMENTS.

As the law directs, I have conducted all necessary correspondence about the children, have kept the record of names, ages and such other data as could be had concerning the history of the children.

I have furnished the school authorities with list of children within scholastic age, and as treasurer of our public school fund have submitted my report to the State Superintendent.

As ex officio secretary have kept record of board's proceedings, and under purchasing agency law have acted in capacity of storekeeper and accountant.

Appended hereto will be found names of children received, died, gone out, etc.; also full alpha-

betical list of the three hundred and four children now in the institution.

CONCLUSION.

Let me thank you, Governor, for the mark of your confidence expressed by my nomination for this important position, and beg to assure you that in all good conscience I "have done what I could" for Texas, and for the moral, intellectual and physical good of her wards.

With great respect, your friend and obedient servant, T. H. BOWMAN, Superintendent.

Appendix omitted.

TRUSTEES' REPORT.

Governor Joseph D. Sayers, Austin, Texas:

DEAR GOVERNOR.—As required by law, we respectfully submit to your excellency, and through you to the Legislature, the following report.

ORGANIZATION, ETC.

The board, composed of Messrs. Jink Evans, S. W. Johnson, W. D. Haynie, R. H. Daniel and J. H. Haden, qualified under your appointment on February 2, 1900, and proceeded to organize by electing Mr. Jink Evans as chairman.

T. H. Bowman, of Coke County, was elected superintendent, and Mrs. Mollie T. Bowman was elected matron. Dr. Clay Johnson, of Navarro County, was elected home physician.

On June 6, 1899, Mr. Jink Evans resigned the office of trustee to accept the position of industrial

manager, and Dr. S. W. Johnson was elected to succeed him as chairman of the board. On May 1, 1900, Dr. Johnson, having been elected to the office of mayor of the city of Corsicana, resigned his place on the board. Mr. J. W. Edens was appointed by your excellency to fill the vacancy.

BUSINESS MEETINGS, ETC.

We have held regular monthly meetings of the board and at said meetings every interest of the State and the inmates of the institution were carefully considered.

The superintendent and matron always reported the situation frankly and fully. We have usually met at the Home and have seen for ourselves how the children were cared for. We have not hesitated to make suggestions along various lines for the betterment of conditions, and have always found the officers and employes ready to adopt anything which promised good to the children.

SUPERINTENDENT AND MATRON.

We take pleasure in stating that Judge Bowman and his wife have worked hard and faithfully to carry on this great work, and have measured up well to the manifold duties and great responsibilities of their positions. They are as near as may be father and mother to these children and are ever careful of their physical wants and watchful of their moral welfare. For particulars we refer you to the foregoing most excellent report of the superintendent, which we heartily approve.

CHILDREN.

As the superintendent's report shows, there are three hundred and four children in the Home. They are contented and happy. Every means possible for their recreation and pleasure is employed. Socials under the personal supervision of the matron are frequently allowed. At Christmas they were bountifully supplied with "good things," both at the table and on the Christmas-tree.

In charge of an official they frequently go out to meetings, etc. Last summer, in charge of Mr. Evans, we gave one hundred boys a royal treat in a three days' camp-out for fishing and hunting. They were the guests of our Mr. R. H. Daniel.

The management has always allowed them, as far as numbers would permit, all the liberties of a well regulated family.

ADMISSION OF CHILDREN.

We submit to the wisdom of the Legislature whether or not the law should be so amended as to more clearly define what class of children are eligible to admission, and to make twelve years the maximum age at which boys may be admitted.

We have continued the practice of the former board and admitted some children who had one living parent, when affidavit was made by two citizens before the county judge that said parent was physically unable to earn a support for the child.

Under this head we desire to state that we have endeavored to make it known that the Home was

a State institution, created and maintained for all indigent orphan children in Texas who might desire admission.

In the early history of the Home a great many children appear from Navarro County who in fact were from elsewhere, but came to Navarro waiting for entrance and when admitted gave said county as home.

By reference to list of children received since February, 1899, it will be seen that many parts of the State are being represented here.

DISMISSAL OF CHILDREN.

The statute seems practically silent as to when and how children may go out from the Home. Our rule has been: First, they may be adopted under the laws of the State. In this way only a few very young children are taken out. Second, the near relatives may withdraw them by making proof under oath that they are able to care for and educate them. Third, homes are provided for the children who have completed the course of study in our school.

IMPROVEMENTS.

We have built a dairy, girls' kitchen, mattress, broom and shoe shops, and a wagon and implement shed, as authorized by the Legislature, at a total cost of $4527.90.

REPAIR OF OLD BUILDINGS.

The appropriation of $1000 for this purpose was expended in improving water closets, enlarging

kitchen and store rooms, and in repairing and repainting roofs.

There are many other repairs necessary.

ARTESIAN WELL.

A pump and boiler were purchased to raise water in the standpipe sufficiently high to reach the upper stories of the buildings. We have to report that the water supply is still insufficient. We believe that it can be greatly increased by the use of a deep well pump.

LANDS PURCHASED.

Provision was made by the last Legislature to buy 185 acres of land. We have purchased 118 acres adjoining the Home tract at $20 per acre. Total number of acres now owned by the State, 318.

In this connection we wish to report that we were offered a 40-acre tract of land situated adjoining and very near to the home. It was held for the purpose of establishing thereon an orphan home for colored children. Judge Rufus Hardy got control of the land and agreed to sell it at the price fixed by the Legislature. The abstract of title was submitted, as the law provides, to the Attorney-General, who reported to the board that it was all right except some minor matters which they could have corrected. After said corrections were made and a resurvey of the land completed, the board accepted a special warranty deed from Judge Hardy, had same recorded and sent with an

approved account for the purchase money to the Comptroller. The Attorney-General declined to approve the special warranty deed and the money was not paid. Regretting exceedingly the mistake on our part, if mistake it was, we ask that some action be taken in the matter.

EMERGENCY PURCHASES.

We have tried to comply with the requirements of the State Purchasing Agent and to respect his office, but in some cases have been compelled to resort to the emergency clause. Especially has this been the case in our hospital department. Other institutions of the State are supplied with a druggist and prescriptions are filled in the hospital. Having no such facilities, we had to fill these prescriptions in the city under the emergency clause.

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.

From the report of Mr. Jink Evans, industrial manager, who is a long-tried friend of the Home and a faithful, energetic official, we submit the following summary of work done in his department.

In 1899 the boys cultivated 507 acres of land the products of which were 54 bales of cotton, 1500 bushels of oats, 30 tons of sorghum hay, 3 barrels of syrup, 10 tons of millet hay and 2500 bushels of corn. Hauled 250 tons of hulls and meal and 75 loads of supplies from Corsicana. Unloaded from cars on Home switch 300 cords of wood. Hauled

200 loads of dirt and excavated for and laid 1125 feet of pipe.

In 1900, the board, believing it to be unprofitable to the State and detrimental to the best interests of the boys, declined to rent land and confined farming operations to 135 acres owned by the State. The same has been cultivated in corn, cotton, sorghum, broom corn, etc.

During this year 3000 feet of walks and drives have been made. Considerable of our own work in carpentering and plumbing has been done. Mr. Evans reports a steady improvement in the habits of industry and general deportment. He says that the superintendent has ever been ready and willing to render to him cordial support in his department.

Live stock now on hand: 55 milk cows, 28 calves, 1 Durham and 1 Jersey bull, 15 horses and mules, 65 hogs.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

We beg to call attention to our estimate of appropriations for next two years, appended to this report. We will not argue the necessity for said appropriations, but simply state that we have asked only for what is needed, and that any reduction whatever will be to the serious detriment of the institution.

We recommend and urge that the salary of the superintendent be increased to $1800 per annum. His present salary of $1000, out of which he pays $300 board, is not by any means adequate compensation for his services.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

In appendix will be found full statement of financial operations as taken from the superintendent's books.

CONCLUSION.

We sincerely hope that by your excellency's recommendation, the Legislature, in their liberality, may largely increase the good work being done here. Yours very respectfully,

W. D. HAYNIE, *Chairman,*
R. H. DANIEL,
J. W. EDENS,
J. H. HADEN,
Board of Trustees.

"Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load;
Shamed by its failures and its fears,
Many sink beside the road."

Again nominated by Governor Sayers and again unanimously elected superintendent by the Board of Trustees, I began my second term in this responsible position with unabated zeal and with more knowledge of the important work. Avoiding mistakes which experience taught me had been made, the future promised greater success than had been achieved in the past. Alas for human calculations!

Some one has said that it is an impossibility to so construct one's house that the sun can shine into all the rooms in the evening. The engineer "with

his hand upon the throttle and his eye upon the rail" has made many a run successfully, but on the last trip he met collision and death. The pilot with his eye upon the compass and his hand upon the wheel has made many a safe voyage, but on the last trip he ran among the breakers and met death upon the rocks. The great oak, with its roots deep set in the earth, with foliage wide spread, with head towering above others, may have laughed at the wind which twisted the feeble saplings; but the cyclone comes and the giant of the forest is uprooted and the king of trees is laid low.

For seventeen years in various positions of trust I had received the approbation of the people. The eighteenth was not a success. In so far as the fault was mine, I am sorry. In so far as the blame rests on others, I forgive them.

With the old crutches by my side, which have borne me up hill and down hill for forty years, I sit and try to cultivate the beautiful spirit of the great man of whom Grover Cleveland in a recent speech said:

"My hero, when afflictions came from heaven, submissively continued to praise God; and when he felt the cruel stings of man's ingratitude and malice, he serenely looked towards his Heavenly Father's face and kept within the comforting light of a pure conscience."

CONCLUSION.

"Watchman, Tell Us of the Night, What Its Signs of Promise Are."

The world of men, satisfied or dissatisfied with the past and present, are eager to look over the rock-ribbed mountain of to-morrow and know what that misty, ever-receding mirage called the future holds in store. The rich man, in marble halls, proud of his possessions, with barns filled to overflowing with all that pleases the eye and ministers to his luxurious, selfish life, is disturbed when he remembers that riches have wings; and is affrighted when he "thinks on" the words of the Master, "Thou fool."

The poor man, in his hard, hard lot, as he wends his weary way back to yon drear attic where he left a dying wife and starving children, falls crushed by the automobile of the millionaire, and as he lies upon his hospital cot peers with dying eyes, and with fast stiffening fingers tries to grasp the ripe, rich fruits of Tantalus just beyond him.

The young man, prodigal of the *now,* sees time enough in the morrow to work and win his way.

The old man, weary with his retrospective journey back into once familiar paths, sighs to find himself a stranger back there; and he too looks forward to "paths of pleasantness and peace" just "over the river."

The Confederate soldier, too, with his old heart beating full of love for sons and daughters and native land, is tempted, while he waits, to learn what will betide this great country of ours on the to-morrow. He looks into the horoscope and sees a dark picture which makes afraid the soul that never knew fear. He sees the bloated features of the prince of trusts and the careworn face of the wage-earner. The picture is labeled "Capital and Labor," and with keen eye he reads timidly written, "Lord and Peasant." He drops the glass and exclaims, "Never shall this be in America."

He looks again; the dark canvas broadens and he reads "Tariffs to make the rich richer and the poor poorer;" aggregated millions in reckless hands, labor unions trying to assert the rights of the masses against the classes throttled by injunctions. He sees the black man with his pent-up passions, long held in check by the humanizing, civilizing influence of his former masters, now rising to assert claims which the white man will ever deny.

He sees a foreign policy big with entangling alliances of which the father of his country told us "to beware."

While he reads, he stops to recall the humiliating spectacle of the seeming alliance between old England and the *great Republic,* which read like this: "Hold off while we whip freedom into the Filipinos, and then you may put your despotic heel upon the neck of grand old Kruger and his African republic."

Again he looks and sees the gathering millions on election day, and while he looks he hears a sound which makes the weak-coursing lifeblood rush through his veins as aforetime. It's the tramp of soldiers, it's the click of muskets, and the rattle of sabers.

Trembling he lowers the glass, but soon, with the instincts of a soldier, he raises it to his eye to see fighting; but no, thank God! the picture begins to brighten.

He sees coming in the distance a grand man, with form and face like a god. In one hand he carries the Constitution and the New Testament, and in the other a flag, written upon one side, "Government for the people by the people;" and upon the other side "Equal rights for all and special privileges for none."

He hears a hundred million Americans shout Amen!

The vision vanishes, and, like Simeon of old, the Confederate soldier with uplifted eyes exclaims, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

The End.

APPENDIX.

Comrades U. C. V.:

The news, which has just flashed over the Southland, that our commander, *"John B. Gordon, is dead,"* fills us with grief unspeakable.

The noble, loyal, loving heart has ceased to beat. The eye that flashed upon the battlefield and looked with loving sympathy upon his old comrades when war was done, is forever dimmed. The hand that, with equal poise held a General's sword and the executive reins of his beloved Georgia, is cold in the grave. The eloquent tongue, ever ready in the Senate chamber of the Nation and upon a thousand platforms to defend his people, is still in death. The scarred, mortal body of the hero has put on immortality, and the soul of the knightliest gentleman of us all is in heaven.

The editorial in the "Houston Chronicle," from the pen of Marcellus E. Foster, is gladly given a place here. It speaks in language more eloquent than ours.

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN B. GORDON.

When, at five minutes past ten on the night of January 9, John Brown Gordon "fell on sleep" there passed from earth to the immortal compan-

ionship of his heroic brothers in arms who had preceded him to the "eternal camping ground" one of the truest, noblest, knightliest spirits that ever illustrated by his example and his deeds the glory, the dignity and the majesty of man made in the image of his Maker.

But a few days ago that great soldier, James Longstreet, last but one of an illustrious list and line, had obeyed the inexorable summons, and scarce had his silent form, "hearsed in death," been laid in its narrow habitation when he who was the very last of a glorious brotherhood of chivalry was likewise summoned hence, and there is left to the world now but the history and the memory of that glorious group of martial spirits who will stand in the pantheon of history as "Lee and his Paladins."

Never since the death of Jefferson Davis filled a land with mourning and bowed a great people into the dust of unspeakable sorrow have the hearts of the people of the South been touched by such poignant grief as by the death of their beloved Gordon.

It is a paradox ever existent, yet ever inexplicable, that, though death is absolutely certain and inevitable, humanity is never so prepared for it but what it brings a shock and smites with sorrow human hearts that love. It was known that General Gordon had passed the limit of three-score years and ten, and that more than once recently he had been sorely stricken by alarming illness; but, despite these premonitions of the approach-

ing end seemingly kindly given to prepare his people for the closing of his great life, they clung still to the hope that God would spare him yet for many years to the land whose best beloved son he was, and the tidings of his death smote them with inexpressible sorrow.

He more nearly than any Southern soldier and leader save Lee—the matchless, the unapproachable—was at once the ideal and the idol of his people.

He typified in manner, in sentiment, in conviction and in action Southern chivalry in its highest and truest sense and interpretation.

He was a product and ensample of that exalted type and standard of courage, refinement, honor and manhood which in the golden age of the South placed her people in the forefront of intellectual, social and moral progress and which marked and set them apart, as a distinguished Northern statesman and scholar a half century ago declared them to be, "the highest types of human civilization the world ever saw."

The history of the great struggle of forty years ago has made his name familiar to all the world, for its highest pages are those wherein are writ the record of his heroic devotion and matchless achievements.

He was at Antietam when bayonet crossed bayonet and the living stood upon the dead till blood ran over the shoe tops of heroes who struggled and fought with, as yet, unmatched valor.

He was at the Wilderness when Lee's dauntless

legions in their long-drawn-out battle line, ragged and half starved, marking their footsteps with their own blood, with shouts of defiance, flung themselves upon the freshly recruited ranks of their foes and hurled back Grant's great army like chaff before the storm.

He was at Gettysburg, where the tide of war reached its highest mark and where, in the very jaws of defeat and disaster, he and those he led, like the great captain that he was, won a fame as fadeless as the stars.

He had glorious part in that marvelous campaign of 1864, planned and executed by his great commander, Lee, and which the highest military critics of the world have with one voice declared has never been excelled in wisdom of conception and glory of execution in ancient or modern times.

He was at Appomattox when the foe, in overwhelming numbers, girdled about the decimated and dwindled band which had wrought such deeds of valor, and when the desperate closing and final charge of that great struggle was made it was he that led it; and his falchion flashed in the face of the foe and clarion voice, trumpet toned, "rose and rode upon the wings of the battle as the scream of the eagle rides on the wings of the storm."

The memory of that tragic hour abode with him even to the grave and gate of death, for but a little while before his dauntless spirit passed up to God he gave utterance to the same brave words which, out of the fullness of his heroic heart, he had spoken at Appomattox: "I hope Lee will not

surrender. I can cut through with my division." Even while his rapt and parting soul was preparing for its eternal flight, while upon his dying ears fell the murmur of "the shadowy river which flows forever to the unknown sea," his mind wandered back to the fields of battle where he, the very genius of war incarnate, had so often 'mid the very "foremost and focal fire" led his legions 'gainst his country's foes.

Faithful and devoted in the dark days of war, he with like devotion and fidelity served his country and his people in times of peace, and with the loftiest patriotism and broadest charity, by precept and example, sought to bring about reconciliation between long estranged sections and promote the glory of a reunited nation. Yet for his deeds or the deeds of his people from '61 to '65 he never apologized, he never craved pardon; he held with unswerving fidelity to his convictions and to his people and to his principles was faithful even unto death.

When any man, be he high or low, has been touched by the hand of death, we are prone to ask how stood he with God.

With Gordon all is well. Like his great compatriots, Lee and Jackson, and Johnston and Davis, he was ready for the Master's call. His "was the simple faith of a child." He illustrated his profession in his daily walk and conversation and was not ashamed to bow as an humble worshiper at the foot of that Cross where is found

peace alike for the lowliest and the loftiest of the children of men.

Brave, chivalric, faithful son of the South, fare thee well. Sweet be thy sleep in the bosom of thy native land which thou didst love so well and serve so faithfully!

Thy people will with loving hands keep thy tomb and history will guard well thy glorious name.

LE Je '07

Reminiscences

of an

Ex-Confederate Soldier

or

Forty Years on Crutches

By

T. H. BOWMAN

Ex-Secretary of State and Ex-Superintendent of State Orphan Home

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